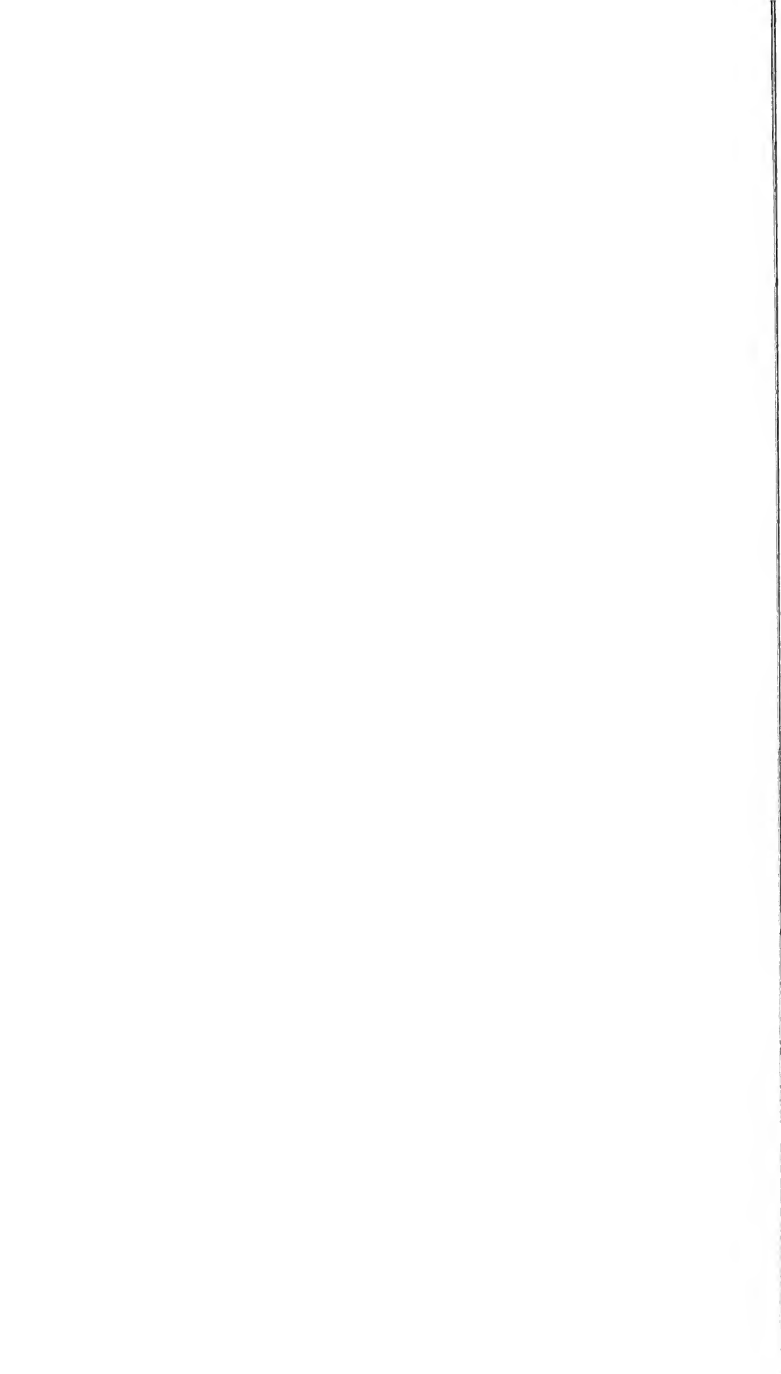
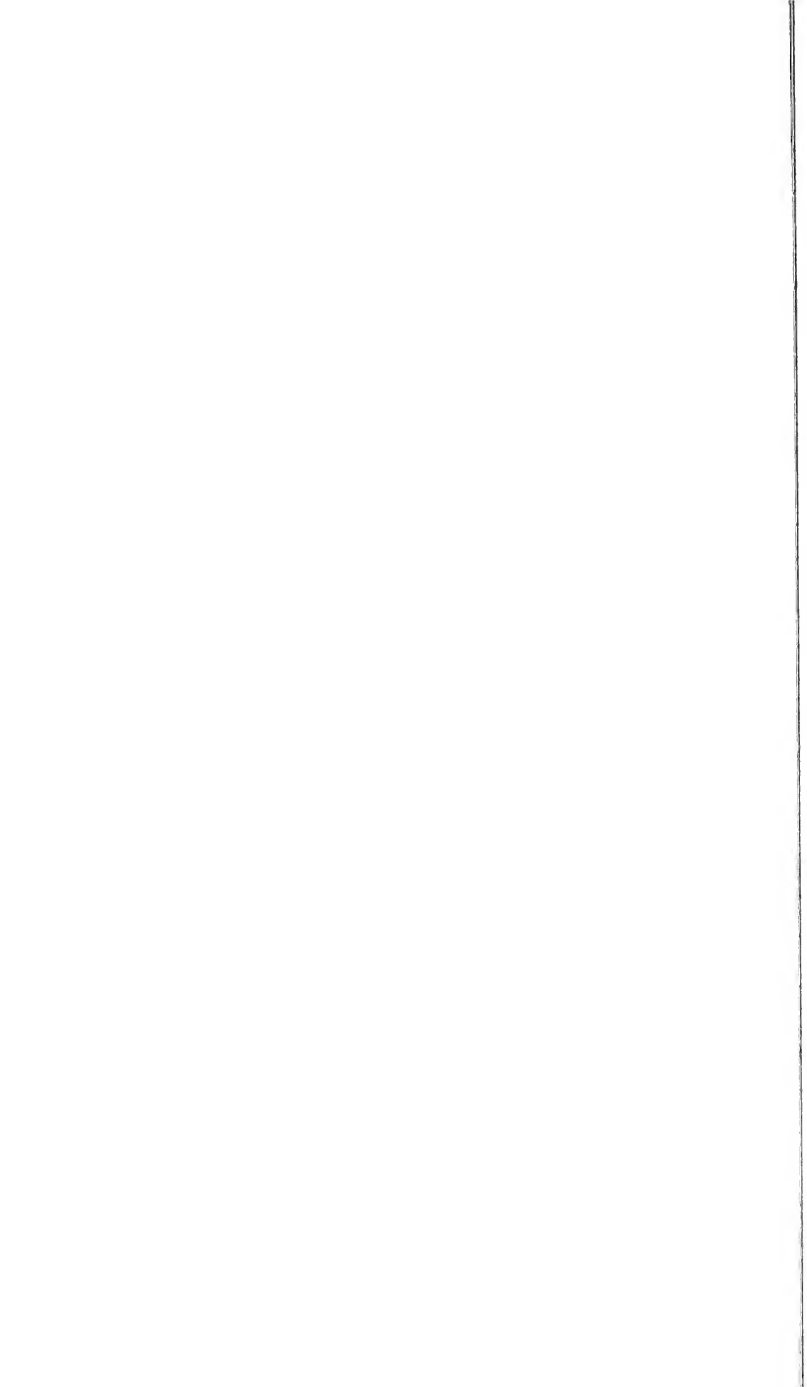


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INTERVIEWS

WITH A

MONOCLE

BY
LEOPOLD JORDAN

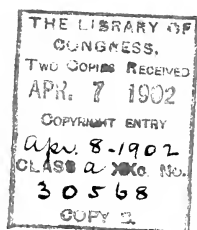


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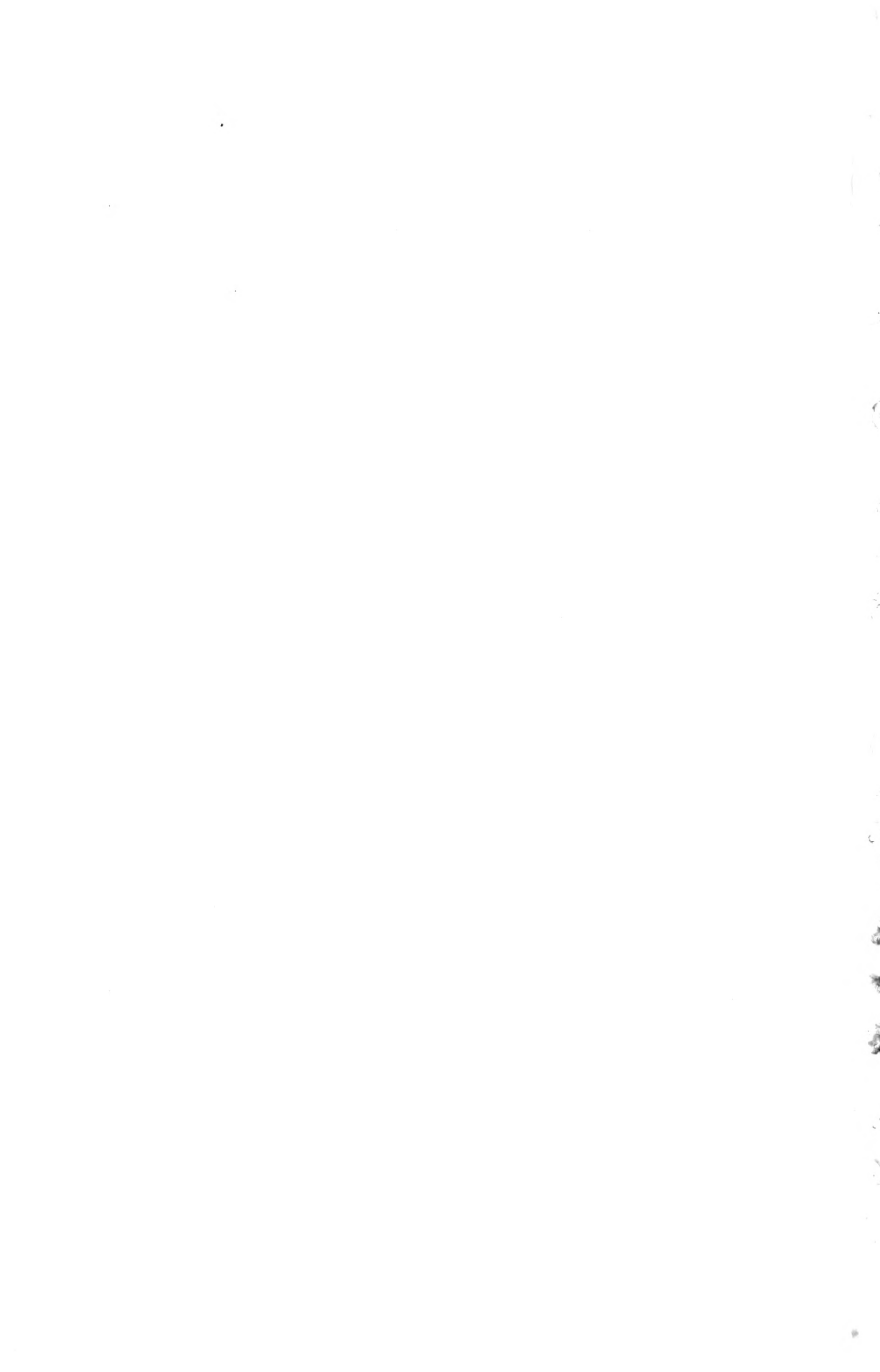


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LEOPOLD JORDAN

TO THE PUBLIC.

In presenting the *Unpublished*, and the *Published*, Interviews with the *Monocle* as they did not, and as they did, appear in *The Daily Inflated*, the compiler begs to make no excuse other than his determination to show the *Monocle's* good, sound, common-sense in refusing to give an opinion of this Great Nation until first becoming familiar with the People's Institutions and the People themselves. The discarded Interviews which appear in the first part of the book, and which were found in *The Inflated's* waste-paper basket, are nothing more than a set of evasive vapors effused, evidently, in the hope of freedom from questions which could not be intelligently answered by an utter stranger just arrived at the Metropolitan gates of these vast United States of America.

In the second part, however, the compiler has taken, with the sanction and courtesy of *The Inflated's* proprietary, the Interviews as given by the *Monocle* after returning from a long tour of the country. Those Interviews, which created no little controversy within certain political rings and among disturbers of Peace and Order, have been especially chosen for reproduction.



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—THE—
ARRIVAL of the MONOCLE.

—
PERSISTENT REFUSAL TO BE INTER-
VIEWED UNTIL FIRST HAVING
SEEN THE COUNTRY.
—

THE *MONOCLE* ARRIVES ON THE ARROW LINE
STEAMER DART—THE DISTINGUISHED
VISITOR GRACIOUSLY RECEIVES *THE*
DAILY INFLATED'S REPRESENTATIVE.

Among the arrivals on the Arrow Line Steamer, Dart, last evening was the *Monocle*.

The steamer was several hours over due owing to Captain Sensible absolutely refusing to hurry his vessel with its precious souls aboard through a dense fog. The passengers, appreciating the care and vigilance of Captain Sensible, presented him with a testimonial setting forth his worth as an efficient and painstaking skipper. Those most prominent of the three hundred saloon passengers were, besides the *Monocle*, Lord and Lady Algernon Pompcourt, who are here on an extended tour of the States; Mr. George Henry Bragg, a multi-millionaire of Allegheny; Miss Parmanta Sharp, the eminent young American prima donna who recently created so great a furore in London musical circles, and who is under engagement to sing during the coming season in the enormously successful opera "Ratan-zoo," by the Russian composer, Joyvitivitch; Mrs. D'Alroy Sebastian Jones, wife of D'Alroy Sebastian Jones, the Wall street magnate; and Mr. Sandy McPherson, whose philanthropy has amazed two continents. During the trip a concert was given in the saloon on the evening of the 12th inst., in aid of the Sailors' Widows' Fund, when the munificent sum of thirty-two dollars and fifty-two cents was collected.

As the *Monocle* glided down the gang-plank to be custom-officered, *The Inflated's* representative caught it in time to save it from an inglorious fall over a banana peel which had been carelessly thrown on the dock. After expressing its profound gratitude that it was saved from a most embarrassing position upon touching for the first time the soil of the American continent, the *Monocle*, while refusing to say anything for publication at present, consented to receive *The Inflated's* representative later, when a full and exhaustive and exclusive opinion of this country may be looked for in these columns.

REJECTED INTERVIEW I.—(*Impracticable.*)

WEIRD INTERVIEWS WITH A *MONOCLE* PICKED
FROM WASTE PAPER BASKET—REPORTERS
AND EDITORIAL STAFF OF *THE DAILY*
INFLATED KEPT IN HIGHLY NERV-
OUS STATE—*MONOCLE* IS STUB-
BORN, PRESS INSISTENT.

“You will really have to excuse me,” said the *Monocle* when seen by a reporter of *The Daily Inflated*; “the fact is I have never given an interview and, while appreciating your call, must decline to say anything for publication.”

“But,” interposed Mr. Smart, the newspaperman, “the visit to our shores, to our great Republic, of one so exclusive as yourself has naturally created an incentive to study, impartially and without bias, our very own free-born as well as those free and easy wards we have assimilated even deep in the very vitals of our Nation.”

“You have a great land, have you not?” asked the *Monocle* with an evident desire to dodge the question.

“That I would, myself, ask you,” said the reporter.

“And very fertile and rich and extensive, is it not?” again questioned the *Monocle*.

“Really, I prefer to have your opinion and impressions,” declared the newspaperman; “and while I would disown any idea of being personal, may I ask whether you are not a wee bit of a cynic?”

“There you are in error,” declared the *Monocle*. “I am not a morsel cynical. I have implored myself, at least, to adopt a cynicism, but said I to myself, ‘No! cynicism is

tommyrot, cynics are fools and life is too short to believe in 'isms.' Why upset the even tenor of my way?" I ask myself. Then to counteract that very plausible philosophy, I ask myself, 'What use even is there in being even? Be odd all the time.' And pursuing further my philosophical strain, I conclude that being a *Monocle* I am decidedly an odd number; but, even so, I will reserve to myself the right to deny myself the oddity of cynicism. Then, again, I believe in charity and self-preservation; for instance, people, I take it, who live in glass houses should refrain from bombarding their neighbors' crystal residences with brickbats; nor should a glass eye, nor the glass which focuses for a dilapidated eye, attempt promiscuously to use a peashooter in a throng where glass eyes and eyeglasses are mostly conspicuous."

"Philosophical, I'm sure," agreed the scribe, "but, I should esteem it a favor if you would give me your impressions of this gigantic Country and its National, State, and Civic Governments and Statue of Liberty."

"Ah, young man," declaimed the *Monocle* with one of those austere glances that only a *Monocle* can assume, "you ask for my impressions! You, yourself, are capable, I am certain, of answering the questions you would put to me, and I, therefore, beg of you to give me your own impressions of your own country and your own people, your own institutions and your own statesmen, your own politicians and your own corruptionists and corrupted."

"My dear *Monocle*," replied the newspaperman with a show of irritation and a glance at his watch, "you are very good, but you will understand that I am here not to give, but to take away impressions."

"Sir," rejoined the *Monocle*, with an exhibition of displeasure and a right flank movement, which brought it in such a position with the sun that the reflection almost injured the sight of *The Inflated's* anxious representative,

"Sir, you warned me that it is your wish to take away impressions. Now there are many kinds of impressions: there is the impression of words, and there is, also, the impression of acts. The acts which impress are numerous and of varying description. There is the impression made by the eye. A sharp, penetrating eye can make a lasting record on the soul; there is the impression made by words. A single word can so cut that the lacerated impression on the heart can never heal; there is the impression by touch or act, otherwise, the abrupt contact of the toe of the boot against a portion of the anatomy which, when sufficiently forcible, makes an impression long-lasting and that is the impression you may carry away."

"My dear *Monocle*," put in the reporter, "you are taking on a slight irritation which were it emanating from another I would not forgive so easily. Again, were I to allow my vitriolic anger full play you would be shattered and our friendship could never be repaired."

The *Monocle* glared severely, and almost forbiddingly at the reporter, who, observing its wrath, came to the conclusion that if he desired to get an interview, he must rub the *Monocle* with a chamois-leather diplomacy.

"Shake," said the newspaperman, extending his hand.

"Sir," returned the *Monocle*, satirically, "I cannot allow myself to be smeared."

"You are still on the offensive," said the newspaperman in a rather conciliatory tone.

"I'm on the offensive if you will it so," the *Monocle* replied, somewhat tartly.

"Pardon me, but you are the most aggressive *Monocle* I ever met," declared the newspaperman with a grin. "But I like you for it. You who are aggressive are, at least, honest."

"It is good of you to say so much," replied the *Monocle*, "and I applaud your acumen."

"Then we are agreed on two points, at any rate," said the newspaperman, "and having got so far, will you not throw out your reflections?"

"My dear Mr. Smart, I will throw out nothing, not even you," declared the *Monocle*.

The newspaperman arose from his seat and made a most profound obeisance.

"Before we go any further," the news-gatherer resumed, "will you, my dear *Monocle*, inform me for the benefit of the uninitiated, of your use in the world?"

"Certainly," cried the *Monocle*, "and most readily. Well, to commence, I at once admit the honor I feel in being enabled to empty my glass of its acknowledgments of the learning which you in your unfathomable intellect as a journalist represent." ("Here, here!" from the audience). "In you I see represented a vast multitude of brains (cheers from the audience); the exponent of physiology, psychology, physics and philosophy! In you I behold the leader of wars, or I ought to say, you should be the leader, since thousands of miles from the field of battle, thousands of leagues from the theater of war, far away from the geographical eccentricities of the seat of campaign, remote from the turbulent thunders of belching, shelling cannon and piercing bayonet, unfettered by the chances of sudden and terrible attack, you direct, not from the regimental columns, but from the leaded columns of your on-slaughting paper, the tactics that in your supreme judgment should have been, or should be followed; planning out the way to win certain victory by divining the exact moment when a skillful movement forward or retreat could, can or should, save the honor of the nation. Are you then not all wonderful? Though I am convex I do not magnify your value! I place it before your humble self in its true, unmagnified form, knowing well that you hardly ever dreamed of your own inestimable importance to mankind.

(Vociferous cheers from the audience.) Your tactical skill in directing an army on the battlefield, thousands of miles away from the base of supplies (your supplies being the death-dealing, soul-piercing pens, the gory inks and explosive paper), would be as heroic as it would be patriotic, and successful as it would be startling. I take it as a short-sighted piece of business that the government (I am speaking of no particular government, but of any government) should not retain and elect each editor of each metropolitan journal and designate him, for instance, 'The War Editor Commanding From Afar,' the same government giving him power to pour forth volleys of war-like literature with a title such as this:

MANUAL
OF THE EDITOR COMMANDING FROM
AFAR:
DIRECTIONS ON DISCIPLINE BEFORE
THE ENEMY AND BEHIND HIM;
HOW TO MAKE ANY FLANK MOVEMENT
AND WHEN;
ADVICE AS TO HOW THE ARMY SHOULD
SHOOT THE CHUTES
AS WELL AS THE
ENEMY;
SHARP POINTERS AS TO THE BAYONET
AND ITS ILL USES;
THE ADVANTAGES OF SMOKELESS POWDER
OVER CIGARETTE LYDDITE;
THE WAY TO AVOID BEING CAPTURED, AND
HOW NEVER TO BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE;
PROOFS PROVING THAT IF YOU WALK
INTO THE ENEMY'S ARMS
IT DOES NOT DENOTE AN AFFECTIONATE
DISPLAY OF WARFARE;

SCHEME FOR CAPTURING STAMPEDING
MULES WITHOUT
PUTTING SALT ON THEIR TAILS.

"Now, what do you think of that for one reflection?" asked the *Monocle*.

"It's a dazzler," cried the newspaperman.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Smart, a little while ago you asked of what use I am. Now you may have some faint idea. You can see I appreciate the military shortcomings of the age for one thing, and you must have concluded from my remarks that I am the original devisor of a scheme that would assure efficient generalship and glory for any army, at the same time giving the editors the chance of their lives. I mean that in more ways than one:—First: A public prominence and the consequent encumbrance of a sure and steady income; and second: Immunity from actual annihilation while in actual and active command." (Vehement cheers from the audience.)

"Have you stopped to consider the possible, nay, probable, mix-up there would be on the field of battle consequent upon the diversity and contradiction of orders coming from so many sources of communication at one and the same time?" asked the newspaperman.

"Now you are questioning at random and without that inspired authority which in your brilliant calling is syndically your own," declared the *Monocle*. "It is that very contradiction and diversity of orders issued from so many and distinctly eccentric and separate sources that must prove of inestimable value to the general commanding the forces."

"I am not quite clear on that point," said the newspaperman, much perplexed.

"Not quite clear!" echoed the irrepressible *Monocle*

with a touch of disdain in its tone. "Why, my good sir, can't you see the advantage at a glance?"

"Could I see through the same glass as yourself I might then discover the advantage; as it is, I must leave you to explain."

"Then, sir, as I before said, the advantage to the army would rest entirely in the contradiction of orders emanating from the learned editors. The orders from those gentlemen would be received on the battle-field thick and fast. No two orders would be alike, and as quickly received and given so the force would act. Movements would necessarily be of the most eccentrically what-are-you-going-to-do-next description; for instance: If one editor were to wire to move the men forward in solid body while another wired retreat, and another advised a right-flank movement, and another ordered a march in open order and a charge to the north; while others wired to attack on the south, the east and west, don't you see that the enemy would become so dazed, so perplexed and so rattled, as it were, at the various movements, that they wouldn't know what to do because not knowing what you are going to do?"

The reporter reflectively scratched his head.

"The present mode of warfare is a farce!" screeched the *Monocle*. "A knows what B is going to do! He is watching him and is quite positive he will come on in this direction or that. But if B makes a thousand different moves through a thousand different orders from a thousand different editors, A will become so jarred that he won't know where he's at. Talk about the famous charge of the Light Brigade, the idealized Six Hundred, with cannons to right of them, cannons to left of them, cannons in front of them and behind them! Pshaw! All that would fade as an achievement of the very pleasant past, while the war plan which I formulate, or, I should say, which the editors would direct, would mean cannons simultaneously on top

and away from them, bayonets piercing and unpiercing, stampedes and charges, no sooner would a thing be done than it would be undone; marches commenced and halted, cannons made to roar, then muzzled, no relaxation, shells sent whizzing right, left and all directions, on, on! Movements continued with increasing vigor, retreats and charges, charges and retreats pell mell, then re-charges, out-flanking, into the trenches, out again, charges up the mountain side and retreat to make a flanking movement, then a charge up the mountain to the summit and down again, the while pouring volleys of bullets and balls into the enemy. None must stop but scatter, scatter, scatter, tangle and untangle, shoot fire, thunder, thrust, pierce and slash until the enemy, or what is left of them, are worn out with thinking."

The reporter took a deep breath and still reflectively scratched his head.

"As far as I can see," suggested Mr. Smart, "it would be all higgledy-piggledy."

"Good!" cried the *Monocle*, "you have it! Mix up the army higgledy-piggledy and the enemy must be gloriously outwitted!"

"Outwitted," agreed the reporter. "That's exactly what might be expected from editorial orders—Outwitted!"

The interview ended there and the reporter went out into the open air still reflectively scratching his head.

When Mr. Smart returned to the editorial sanctum there was a war-like discussion, when the Editor-in-Chief was heard to say, "Outwitted! Hem! Outwitted the enemy! Tush! The *Monocle* has outwitted you, sir, and since you could not bring in a decent interview with the distinguished visitor, from this instant there is a vacancy, sir, on the staff of *The Daily Inflated*."

REJECTED INTERVIEW II.—(*Irrelevant.*)

THE *MONOCLE* PERPLEXES MR. BULLDOZER.
TAKES A FIRM STAND AGAINST THE USE
OF HYPODERMIC INJECTIONS OF MOR-
PHINE AND LAYS THE BLAME OF
THEIR TOO FREQUENT AND
OFTEN UNNECESSARY USE
TO THE DOCTORS.

The unfortunate reporter having proved his inability to bring in the desired interview with the *Monocle* as to its impressions of the United States of America, their National, State and Civic Governments and the Statue of Liberty, the Editor-in-Chief the following morning assigned the dapper Mr. John Henry Bulldozer to the task of drawing from the visitor at least, as he said, a sane talk, a comprehensive talk, that would be esteemed by the six million daily readers of *The Daily Inflated*.

Bulldozer had been on the distinguished journal some years and had gained the confidence of the outside world as well as the entire approval of those of the sacred sanctum of *The Daily Inflated*. Indeed, so wrapped up was Bulldozer in the inner workings of social life and so apt was every one to confide in him that he was known to his associates and colleagues as "the confidence man."

It mattered little to Bulldozer whether politician or patriot, social despot or the moneyed magnate, archbishop or deacon, vestryman or verger, or matron or spinster, he would succeed, if on an errand for his paper, in obtaining an interview. If refused, he would sternly remind the party having the temerity to deny him, that he had no

desire to print a garbled version of the story as had been told him second hand, therefore, 'twere better to get the facts from the fountain head—unpolluted and clear. Who would have refused the reporter an interview after presenting so equitable and philosophical an argument?

Bulldozer called upon the *Monocle*. He gave his card to a pompous clerk at the desk of the hotel and the pompous clerk forthwith sent it to the *Monocle* through the hands and by the grace of an ultra-pompous boy in buttons.

The *Monocle* consented to see Mr. Bulldozer.

"I thought," said the *Monocle*, after the usual courtesies had been exchanged, "that a representative of *The Inflated* interviewed me yesterday."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Bulldozer. "Quite so; but we fear he hadn't you quite right. His matter, instead of dealing with your valued opinion of the United States of America, their National and Civic Governments and the Statue of Liberty, merely credited you with a wild and extravagant account of some war-like suggestions which we feared were the result of a brain, his brain, which, last summer, suffered from a sunstroke."

"That interview, sir, I gave, and as I have never experienced a sunstroke I conclude that my utterances were perfectly sound and normal," replied the *Monocle*. "You have done your colleague an injustice. Can't he be reinstated?"

"No, sir. He's a disappointment. That being so, may I ask you now for any conclusions you, of course, have come to concerning these United States of America, their National and Civic Governments and the Statue of Liberty?"

"Don't you think it would be rather premature?" asked the *Monocle*. "I have really had so little time to look over your continent in the twenty-four hours I have been here."

"You have been on the soil of the Free and in the home of the Brave long enough to form an opinion," the newspaperman answered with an air of sublime authority and swelling pride; "and," he continued, "you know how much your views would be relished by the six and one-half million readers of *The Daily Morning Inflated*."

"I understood yesterday that your circulation was but six million," said the *Monocle*.

"The strides of *The Daily Morning Inflated* outpace anything else in the world, sir. It jumped a half million yesterday," declared the newspaperman with a severe and antagonistically stern air which might have upset the equilibrium of any other but the *Monocle*.

"You don't hypo?" asked the *Monocle*, looking at the reporter with a doubtful glance.

"Hypo?" repeated the newspaperman. "What do you mean by hypo?"

"Pardon my abbreviating," replied the *Monocle*; "I caught it in the atmosphere. I ought to have said, you do not hypodermic?"

"Hypodermic!" interrupted Bulldozer with a disdainful toss of the head which resembled the attitude of a horse suddenly pulled up by the curb. "A most extraordinary suggestion I am sure," put in Bulldozer.

"Possibly so," agreed the *Monocle*. "Many things are extraordinary in these days; indeed, it is an extraordinary period. While there is much common sense floating around, yet the world is being deluged with blithering imbeciles—with the irresponsibles and impossibles. But first let me say that when I suggested the probable use of the needle in your case, it was owing to that half million jump in the circulation of *The Inflated*. Yes, I saw in your assertion the eccentricity and extravagance that I have before observed emanating from a brain under the power of some foreign influence."

"Then you question my statement?" put in the newspaperman with anger. "Remember, sir, there is nothing too great for *The Inflated* to accomplish. But I am here not to argue but to ascertain your view on these United States of America, their National and Civic Governments and the Statue of Liberty!"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the *Monocle*, "having, by assertion and declaration prompted me on a subject of live importance—the use of narcotics and all it implies, I, with your permission, would like to say a few words on the momentous question."

The newspaperman attempted to speak but the *Monocle* denied him the privilege.

"On my travels," commenced the *Monocle*, "I have met other dreamers——"

"If you insinuate that I am a dreamer, sir," interrupted Bulldozer once more——

"Tut, tut," interrupted the *Monocle* in turn and with a fine show of superior authority; "tut, tut, young man, again I repeat that on my travels I have met other dreamers, those, my boy, whose mental extravagances and eccentricities are due, alone, to the use, one way or the other, of hellish drugs. I have gathered data of a most startling, if not revolting, nature. I find then that there is a growing crime—a wrong that is eating into and sapping the mental powers, reducing the glorious strength of body and mind, threatening future generations, a habit that is weeding out from society many of its best, a pernicious and murderous enemy, a creepy, ugly thing, that should be arrested and sentenced to disuse without delay—I mean, my dear Mr. Bulldozer, the indiscriminate use of the hypodermic injection, the opiates prescribed by many gentlemen of the medical profession in instances where they should never be given. I have heard women cry for the insidious needle to alleviate the most common and easily treated physical

pains, and why? Because, in nine cases out of twelve the medical practitioner humors his patient to the use of the brain-destroying serpent, and the habit grows, my dear Bulldozer, until the most trivial excuse is given for its use. How many are there now who are complete mental wrecks through that abuse? No, you don't know. Of course you don't. The use of the needle is so prevalent to-day that thousands having become acquainted with the mode of administering the jab, in their privacy, actually, and with consummate skill, use it upon themselves. But let me say in fairness to the conservative practitioner, that I have known many of them to refuse, point blank, to give the sought-for 'jab,' and to deplore its use and the craving for it where it has grown into a habit. And I have heard those same conservative practitioners condemn the skillless medical men who have needlessly accustomed their patients to its use. Yes, my dear Bulldozer, it is a notorious fact that the hypodermic injection of morphine is actually administered just to please the patient. When it becomes an appetite, a craving grown from the initial indiscreet and needless administrations, the future of the victim is terribly dark."

"My dear *Monocle*," ventured the newspaperman, "I am with you on this subject and I, too, deplore the growing evil you illustrate, but I came on an errand involving a very different subject—your view——"

"Mr. Bulldozer," interrupted the *Monocle*, "you can see the importance of my remarks and the caution they are intended to convey. We must all deplore this growing abuse, a crime that is taking a far-spreading root; indeed, it has, I fear, already borne seed that threatens disaster by undermining the foundation upon which rests the life of many a good soul."

"Noble sentiments I am sure," said Mr. Bulldozer, "but what opinion have you formed about these United States

of America, their National and Civic Governments and the Statue of Liberty? That is the question," declared the newspaperman.

"And let me warn those who are dangerously near the edge of the precipice," continued the *Monocle*, "those who are on the verge of trundling down into the gaping, ugly, forbidding chasm; let me warn such of their ultimate fate—one of pitiable mental destruction! And the worst of all is the dangerous influence of the 'jab' fiend, who readily makes, and apparently lives to make, fiends of others, inviting those who are strangers to the use of the injection to try it—consequently, from the pupil grows the adept. You would ask me what remedy I have to meet the evil. The remedy, Mr. Bulldozer, rests with those who in the first place, or instance, employ the drug as a means of allaying a pain that could be relieved by agencies which are harmless, though, possibly, slower in giving the relief needed. It is the too ready use of the hypodermic injection that we must deplore. It is used in trivial cases and in trivial cases it should never be resorted to. In this opinion every medical man of repute will coincide. At any rate it is a question of much moment and a matter, too, that should be threshed out in the assemblies of the sons of Aesculapius. Let me say here that those medical men who unnecessarily administer opiates, are just as deserving of public censure and discipline as the gentleman behind the bar who continues to concoct strong beverages for his customer, when he knows that every extra drink is tending to make a beastly drunkard of him."

In spite of Mr. Bulldozer's polite, if energetic efforts to get a word in edgewise, the *Monocle* retired with a dignified "Good night!" Not deigning to take the plebeian elevator the *Monocle* took to the stairs instead and soon found itself in its own apartments. Bulldozer was for once nonplused. As he watched the retreating steps of the

Monocle a harsh utterance issued from his lips which rather indicated his disappointment.

"There is no use my manipulating an interview," said he to himself as he journeyed toward the office, "for if I did so it would only be contradicted in *The High-Strung Lyre*."

Needless to say, the editorial department of *The Daily Inflated* acted decidedly grumpy when Bulldozer admitted his inability to draw out from the *Monocle* the much sought interview. Bulldozer, the cherished hope of *The Inflated*, had at last failed. Every man meets his Waterloo some day or other. Hoping to soothe his angered chief he handed in copy bearing on the *Monocle's* opinion on the too prevalent and criminal use of the hypodermic injection, but the astonished editors only looked at him askance, and, with pity, muttered, "I wonder what number green pill he takes."

REJECTED INTERVIEW III.—(*Inexplicable.*)

THE *MONOCLE* IS STILL OBSTINATE AND DISCUSSES MOTHER-IN-LAW INSTEAD OF THE U. S. A.—THE REPORTER, SORELY TRIED, DISMISSED IN DISGRACE.

The editors looked wisely doubtful at Bulldozer from that fatal moment. Bulldozer, their pet, Bulldozer, their standby, Bulldozer, their reportorial wonder, had met a set-back! "Had he really given himself up to the use and abuse of a drug?" they asked themselves. "Had he succumbed to the pernicious 'dope,' and, in short, was it possible that he had made an egregious ass of himself?"

"Bulldozer shall have an opportunity to retrieve his lost laurels," suggested the news-editor.

"I quite agree to that," said the chief editor.

And John Henry Bulldozer, really innocent of wrong, upright as ever, absolutely free from vice of any kind, dapper, shrewd, reliable, persistent John Henry was henceforth to work under six pair of compassionate and tenderly watchful eyes, eyes that had for years beamed upon him with confidence, with gratitude and pride, and with a regard that was sublimely paternal. Yes, the editors were convinced in their own minds that the morphine craze had clearly got into the pride of *The Inflated's* reportorial staff, and that he, in his dreamy moments, while under its influence, had concocted a story relating to the terrible drug, and, what was worse, that John Henry had libelously attributed the weird interview to so great and upright a visitor to the free shores of the United States as the exclusive *Monocle*; thus placing the commercial gentleman

who backed *The Inflated* in jeopardy of a suit for a stupendous sum. Therefore, it was with no little fear, having got the idea fixed in their infallible editorial heads, that they allowed Bulldozer one more chance. They even went so far as to consult an eminent medical expert on brain disorders, with the object, of course, of examining John Henry as to his mental condition. This action the martyr resented but in order to hold his position, and being sure that the doctor would report in his favor, he consented. At the time the doctor called to see Bulldozer, it was unfortunate for him that he had just come out of a wordy battle with his landlady, who had demanded of him a small sum due her for room, board, laundry and a few more similar trifles. Bulldozer had grown white with rage through her peremptory demand for what was justly due her. In this condition, the wise expert unfortunately caught him, and, without prior or subsequent knowledge of the righteous cause for his excitable and demonstrative anger, made a report to the aforesaid editors quite unfavorable to him. The doctor declared that he found Bulldozer's pulse high, very high; pupils of the eyes dilated, abnormally dilated; skin moist, very moist; hands clammy, sticky and clammy, and his state generally, highly and sensitively nervous. Bulldozer, declared the learned physician, was unquestionably under the influence of some foreign mental disturbing agent and he regretted, deeply regretted, after a careful examination, to report that the fears of the editors were warranted. But John Henry Bulldozer attended the assignment and once more sent his card to the *Monocle*, and once more an audience was granted.

The meeting, so far as the *Monocle* was concerned, was extremely cordial; while Bulldozer, on the other hand, evinced a sullenness altogether out of keeping with his usual manner.

"I have come for that interview," snapped Bulldozer. "I want your views of these United States of America; your opinion as to her vast territory and her governments, both National, State and Civic; not forgetting the Statue of Liberty."

"Very kind of you, indeed," replied the *Monocle*, "to put yourself out so much. I am deeply indebted to you for such consideration."

The newspaperman showed much irritation.

"I looked through your columns this morning but failed to find a word of the interview I gave you yesterday," said the *Monocle*.

"You surely didn't expect to see that matter reported?" asked the newspaperman with contempt plainly visible on the curve of his upper lip.

"I really expected nothing," replied the *Monocle*. "You, I think it was who expected."

"And got left," admitted the sagacious newspaperman, at the same time showing an unwonted impatience.

Bulldozer now took from his pocket a roll of copy paper, and sitting forward in his chair, pointed the sharp point of a pencil at the *Monocle*, as though he had only to say, "Hi! Presto!" and magically reveal its opinion to the expectant public.

The *Monocle* was not what one might term *blase*; yet there was a collected, nonchalant, reposeful air about it that plainly indicated its objection to be bored.

"What was your first impression upon your arrival in New York?" asked the newspaperman, the pencil now pointed directly on the roll of paper with the object of accurately recording the valued first impression.

"I don't know whether you have remarked it," commenced the *Monocle*, quite ignoring the question, "but lovely woman is making great strides in the world; such

strides, indeed, as to be actually walking all over poor, benighted man."

Mr. Bulldozer's patience was now almost exhausted. Would he ever get the desired interview by fair means or must he choke, literally choke, the *Monocle* into submission? Such were the ante-bellum thoughts which beat a tattoo on his forensically anxious brain.

"Your impressions on approaching the Battery were——"

"Woman," interrupted the *Monocle*, "is said to be the loveliest of all creation, and I'm with those who think so, who know so and who so declare."

"When you arrived at the pier, did the deputation——?"

"She may be dependent upon the man," interrupted the *Monocle*, "whose name she has condescended to adopt, yet in her conversation, her public speeches and outward demeanor, what a glorious, Fourth-of-July Independence she shows to the world! The idea of woman is suggested to my mind, by Mr. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. It seems to me that woman today is broader than ever, and stands out so prominently as actually to dwarf all else on the civilized globe. Now, my dear Mr. Bulldozer, she accepts an income from her hubby not for what the income can furnish and unfurnish, but simply as a right, and right she is every time."

"Will you tell me how this country compares——?"

"And," continued the *Monocle*, "if she chooses to add to the fixtures of your household the very ample and invariably docile domestic pet, the Mother-in-law, who should or dare, say 'Nay' to her? Woman's sphere is to-day the power, whichever way you look at it."

"From what you have seen, do you favor a Republic or a Mon——?"

"And, my dear sir," still continued the *Monocle*, "why should there exist a prejudice against the inevitable and watchful mother-in-law? She is, you must admit, brimful

of solicitude for the child she has given into the keeping of brutal man; and she, having gone through it all, can give her daughter points, without which, the young woman would, of course, be sublimely happy in her matrimonial partnership."

"Have you, in your country, political despots; or, as we here call them, that is, in the States, 'political bosses?' " asked the newspaperman, who, not having been able to get a reply so far, was commencing to show an inclination towards nervous prostration.

"I, for one, and though I may stand alone, favor mother-in-law," declared the *Monocle*. "The lady, by virtue of her relationship to her daughter's matrimonial partner, can bring, and can talk more law than a dozen Philadelphia lawyers put together; hence the proper designation, 'Mother-in-law!' She, if she deems it necessary, advises separation with an accompanying alimony, or divorce with the same appendix-healing balm; which, I may say, has no relationship whatever to the vermiform appendix; the money-form appendix being of another family, and one that requires a peculiar operation, when excision is deemed necessary. There must, my dear Mr. Bulldozer, be a head to all governments; and the head of the household government could not be in more forcible hands than those of mother-in-law! She's a wonder, sir; a complete, complex, enigmatical wonder, whether in the civilized world, or in the yet untamed land of the cannibal."

"Do you believe in this country expanding, otherwise colonizing——?"

"Which reminds me of an incident," interrupted the *Monocle* once more, "that happened during a visit to the interior of Fiji, where I had the privilege of meeting King Cocoa of the tribe of Mugwumpies."

"How did the reception of the Boer envoys by——?"

“His Majesty,” went on the *Monocle*, cutting Mr. Bulldozer decisively and shortly, “His Majesty had left his council chamber at the moment of my arrival, and following in his wake was a fleshy lady, whose age could not be seen through the darkness of her skin. She was pleading to His Gracious Majesty, but in vain. In a short while, a score of lusty, mahogany-fleshed warriors escorted her to beneath two exceeding tall and skeleton-formed trees. In a jiffy, two of the stalwarts climbed to the top of the trees, and lowered two hempen ropes. With great expedition and little demonstration, albeit delicate care, those below twined the ropes around the arms and feet of the lady in question. She was tenderly hauled up to and placed in a rude hut which was planked and held between the trees. ‘An extraordinary ceremony,’ I thought; and in reply the gentle missionary, who was by my side, said: ‘It is no use at all my attempting to chide the king. He will have his way in spite of all civilizing efforts. That poor woman is His Majesty’s mother-in-law.’ The explanation is very simple: Last night the king held a pow-pow, and, what in the language of the Mugwumpies is called a jamboree. The feast consisted of all that was most sumptuous—from a cannibal standpoint. The captain and the unfortunate crew of a sunken vessel had floated to land on kegs of rum. You can understand the results. Suffice it to say, that the king returned to his palace in a condition bordering on overfeeding and intoxication combined. Forthwith he attempted to, indeed, did actually chaff his solicitous spouse; whereupon his mother-in-law, indignant beyond all bearing, did chide him much. She is now banished beyond all reach and succor other than that which will be mercifully delivered up to her by His Majesty’s attendants on several occasions during the day. But she is denied communication with the earth, and must needs pass the remainder of her days up in an aerial altitude, below which

her influences cannot be felt. She is not even allowed a megaphone!"

By this time, Mr. John Henry Bulldozer's face presented the appearance of a window pane in a hot-house—beads of perspiration trickled down it, and played a game of chase thereon. He despaired of ever being able to engage the *Monocle* in the talk he had suggested. "Had he," he asked himself, "lost his grip on mankind?" Tush, tushing such an idea, he decided to pursue his inquiries.

"Will you, my dear *Monocle*, kindly give me your opinion on our Trusts and our so-called Monopolies?"

"A mother-in-law is a trust and a monopoly; for you have to trust her whether you like it or not. She's a monopoly, sir, whether you like it or not, for she takes upon herself the right and privilege of dictatorship. If you don't believe it, get married—have a mother-in-law thrown in, and doubt her authority, and see where you'll land. You'll disappear from view as quickly as if you had ventured upon a quicksand. Mother-in-law is an ornament among your household fixtures," continued the *Monocle*, evidently warming up to the subject. "She gives your hearth the semblance of solidity. How so? I'll tell you. Just drop to your butcher, your baker or your candle-stick maker, that mother-in-law (never omit the 'in-law') is a member of your household and you'll get substantial, unlimited, easy credit, and why? Because your butcher and your baker and candle-stick maker are alive to the fact that no mother-in-law would dally an instant in the limited or larderless household of an impecunious son-in-law! She is, however, no different from the rest of the world in preferring palaces, mansions and Italian villas with their accompanying luxuries and wealth of surrounding. I have had a few mothers-in-law, and, speaking from experience, I can say of her that she is a wonder! I wouldn't be without one. On all matters domestic she's a cellar-to-roof en-

cyclopedia! Ask anyone who is blessed with one. She knows how to arrange, distribute, disburse, dismantle, build, wreck, piece (do not read this *Peace*), patch, dash, smash, veneer, domineer, demand, subdue, imbue and make the very household creak, shake, tremble from the foundation up! She offers to advise and devise; plot and plan, and, as she says, all for the best. For instance: If you are permitted the blessing of a couple or so of infants, she, mother-in-law, can, I should say, *will*, advise as to their training; indeed, at the risk of a wholesale upset, will take, or attempt to take, by threat or force, that matter into her own hands. You haven't a word to say in that trivial affair, any more than in any other domestic controversy. She releases you from worry on that score, and, upon my honor, you ought to be much obliged. She's a brick! If you suggest the employment of a fair typewriter or a dark typewriter, a sallow typewriter or any complexion of a typewriter, in your office, mother-in-law will show your wife, her daughter, the inadvisability of employing the lady. Why? For the very simple reason, that being of a saving nature, she thinks one lady in the family quite enough. If your wife, her daughter, complains to her of any inattention on your part, she elects herself arbiter, and gives her final decision against you, no matter how much in the right you may prove yourself to be. You must yield—YIELD! And since there is no higher court to take it to, unless it is the divorce court (a retreat very much frequented of late years), the only thing left you to do, is to throw up the sponge. She has you, my boy, on every point. She's an iron-clad contract. When she puts her foot down, toe the line! There's nothing else left you to do. Just toe the line! Don't attempt to perform any stunts—she won't stand for them. With these few remarks, I'll bid you a very good day."

And the *Monocle* disappeared, leaving Mr. Bulldozer utterly nonplused.

Once again he returned to the editorial sanctum, and once again he admitted his inability to interview the *Monocle* regarding these United States of America, their National and Civic Governments and the Statue of Liberty.

There was a red hot conference between Mr. Bulldozer and his editors; whereupon the unhappy reporter humbly ventured to remark that he was prepared to write up the *Monocle's* valuable views on mother-in-law. The chief, thinking it all a dream, abruptly and finally dismissed the young man from their presence.

REJECTED INTERVIEW IV.—(*Illusive.*)

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF VISITS THE *MONOCLE*, HIS QUESTIONS DEXTEROUSLY DODGED AND THE *MONOCLE* GETS ONTO THE AUTOMOBILE.

Doubted, fallen from grace, subjected to peremptory expulsion from the honored staff of *The Daily Inflated*, with a stain on his escutcheon of one given to the use of opium or morphine, poor, misjudged Bulldozer retired to his 6x4 room to ponder over his shattered reputation. Mr. Ebenezer Spikem, the Editor-in-Chief, now determined to interview the stranger, and on the morrow, did himself repair to the palatial hostelry.

Mr. Spikem met the *Monocle* just as it was about to leave for a burr in an automobile. Placing his card and himself in front of the visitor he begged for a few moments' talk. The *Monocle*, with much gallantry, bowed the august editor to the smoking-room and became attentive and interested.

"I have ventured to call upon you in view of the negligence and utter disinterestedness of two of our reporters, whom I venture to think, have not even seen you; to interview you and glean your valued impressions of these United States of America, their National and Municipal Governments and the Statue of Liberty."

The *Monocle* assured Mr. Ebenezer Spikem that it had really seen his representatives. Mr. Spikem, thereupon, raised his bushy brows with a co-mingling of surprise and sorrow.

"This is, I believe, your first visit to the United States?" questioned Mr. Spikem.

"The use of the automobile in your city is a matter for consideration," said the *Monocle* with absolute indifference so far as Mr. Spikem's question was concerned.

The editor, nevertheless, emitted a self-satisfied cough and felt that he, the Editor-in-Chief of *The Daily Inflated*, had at last succeeded in pinning the *Monocle* to something tangible.

"While comparisons are odious," said the editor, "I should, nevertheless, like you to give me your unbiased views on this continent and inform the general public where we, in your estimation, excel over all other countries."

"As you saw, I was just about to take my morning electric-propelling. The question of the hour is: 'Has the automobile come to remain?'"

"What first struck you on your arrival?"

"A cable car," promptly replied the *Monocle*. "But, referring to the subject of automobilism, I can but conclude that the horse has at last been enabled to assert its vast superiority."

"You, of course, noticed our Statue of Liberty?" inquired Mr. Spikem.

"Liberty! What a glorious word, but what a multitude of crimes against humanity it protects. Like an umbrella in the rain, the wet will bespatter you no matter how large it is and though you live under the sheltering wings of Liberty, despotism, money-despotism, injustice and rascality will find a way to sneak in and contaminate and corrupt and degrade and unidealize. Reverting to the automobile, it does not say that because I am in one that I favor the mechanical perambulating in preference to the wholesome and invigorating spin and pleasure, which result from the driving of a spanking team. Oh, dear no! One misses the forward movement of a horse; the clicking of the

hoofs; the proud step and noble mien of the handsome animal. Instead, the automobile gives you the impression that you are being sent along, whereas human nature loves to be drawn along. It is against man's will to be shunted, as it were. He doesn't like to be pushed, whether it's to the wall or his natural destination. He prefers to be led, for man, since the inauguration of masculinity, has depended upon a leader, whether in domestics, politics, society or vehicle. You put an engine at the rear end of a train and you won't like it a bit. But let that engine draw you and you are satisfied. Put a bucket down a well, and it would kick if it were pushed up instead of being drawn up. That same bucket would, certainly, rebel against any such proceeding, were it attempted. It is the natural inclination of everything and everybody to be drawn, as much as it is to draw your breath. A dentist would never think of pushing out a tooth—he draws it! The banker expects you to draw—any other means of obtaining your money would be resented. The theatrical star draws his audience; and his company, when it's in luck, its salary. That same company would never think of adopting means to push its salary, no matter however inclined to do so. It is the natural bent of humanity to draw and be drawn; therefore, do I prophesy the absolute failure of the auto because of its being a non-drawing power. When a dainty, fair, sweet girl makes up her mind to win you, does she push you along to the happy conclusion? No, sir; she simply draws you out, and there you are! You will often hear, in your walks and your talks, a man, while admitting his misfortune, say: 'I was drawn into it.' Now, when making the admission that he was 'drawn' into it, you have never in your life noticed a scowl of reproach, though there might be a visible facial shadow of sorrow, for the very good reason that he had been 'drawn' into his unhappy predicament. On the other hand, you never yet heard a man admit that he was

'pushed' into his ill-luck unless he showed dangerous and precipitate signs of dropping dead from sanguineous apoplexy. To be 'pushed' and to be 'drawn' are two very different means of going ahead. The one savors of relentless force; while the other, at least, bears the earmark of persuasion. The horse 'draws' you—you persuade him to do so—and the automobile carries you by force, sir, sheer and unmitigated, stored-up battered force! There's the rub. And so it is with political parties,—let one or the other of the leaders go behind and shove his party, and the whole thing is reversed, for the leader becomes the follower and the followers the leaders; and all through being shoved or pushed or propelled, showing conclusively and at once that my argument is incontrovertible. Leaving politicians for that other weird and strange creature of impulse, the mule, you can again see the inadvisability of rear-end propelling. Lead a mule and he'll follow you with the docility of a dove; but venture to 'push' him, and you'll occupy a cot in the emergency ward of some hospital, if not a spare slab in the Morgue."

The *Monocle* having had its say, politely but hurriedly bade Mr. Ebenezer Spikem a very good morning, and, jumping into the auto, was electrically 'pushed' along.

REJECTED INTERVIEW V.—(*Incongruous.*)

MR. SPIKEM'S TROUBLES COME THICK AND FAST, WHILE THE *MONOCLE*, INTERVIEWED BY MR. INKEY, SPEAKS ON TRAVEL, AND VOLUNTEERS USEFUL ADVICE FOR THE EDITOR'S EDUCATION AND BENEFIT.

Mr. Spikem looked after the visitor as it was being whirled away, and on the curb-stone he pondered. He was heard to mutter, "Well, I'll be hanged!" or something to that effect. It is quite certain that he said he'd be somethinged. His journey to the editorial department was one of worry. There he met his colleagues, who instantly remarked his changed appearance, his dejected demeanor, his utter and weird strangeness. Mr. Spikem exhibited a large amount of oozing irritation. He frankly admitted his inability to get the interview he wanted, and gave his associates instead the purport of the *Monocle's* remarks on the automobile, which seemed so extraordinary that the worthy gentlemen looked upon Spikem with suspicion. They knew he had been a total abstainer from spirituous liquors for some years; but, nevertheless, they always nursed a dread that he might return to the habit which had at one time threatened his standing in the community. They knew that Mr. Spikem in those days was a terror and they had, therefore, good cause to offer up many blessings for his self-denial in adopting the new life which he had determined upon and enjoyed for twenty years. Alas, now they feared he had tasted once more of the cup that inebriates,

and they commenced to look around the office for some evil spirit, or influence, that may have been working ill among their staff, both editorial and reportorial. While they allowed the worthy gentleman the privilege to write the *Monocle's* views on the automobile they coaxed him, when he had completed his task, to relegate the copy to the wastepaper basket, and, consequently, the readers of *The Daily Inflated* were saved from the perusal of matter which might have been prejudicial to the stocks of the International Automobile Carry-All Company, that had been placed on the market with most gratifying results that very week.

Mr. Spikem was advised to go home and rest. Mr. Spikem resented the suggestion. He grew hot, and the hotter he grew the more certain were his colleagues that he had been imbibing. To their horror, he actually damned the *Monocle* for the trouble it had given him, as well as for the unwarranted disaster it had brought upon two trusted members of the reportorial staff. That was enough! He was even defending a couple of men who had proved themselves totally unfit to be further entrusted with the confidence of their editors. His colleagues, Mr. Stunts and Mr. Inkey, now had no doubt in their minds. Mr. Ebenezer Spikem, they concluded, was a lost lamb. In secret conclave, they therefore decided the best means to overcome the threatened ruin of their chief, and the two well-meaning gentlemen quickly scoured the editorial library for books on temperance, obtained tracts on temperance, purchased brochures on the "Habit of Imbibing Spirituous Liquors and the Speedy Cure;" paid out good money for other works dealing with the terrible effects of liquor, and, finally, buying a dramatic version of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," deposited the lot on Spikem's desk where he found them that very evening.

Thinking that the temperance literature had been sent him for review, he took them up one by one, but discovering that it was all ancient matter, and still irritated, shied each book and tract across the room. Cruel fate was playing all kinds of game with Spikem, for one book finally landed on a valuable statue of George Washington, smashing off the head and shattering one leg.

Never before had that sacred sanctum presented so disturbed an appearance. When Mr. Spikem left for the night, the office boy, fearing that he might be blamed for it all, diplomatically requested the remaining editors to step in and review the *debris*. They were stricken as with palsy. That their co-laborer had so far forgotten himself as to use the books as missiles was to them a horror to contemplate. They looked with pain on the demolished figure of the Father of their Country, and declared that were it not for his unhappy and irresponsible condition, Mr. Ebenezer Spikem ought to be tried and hanged for treason.

As a result of a decision arrived at by these two worthy gentlemen, one of them, Mr. Nebuchadnezzar Inkey, called on the *Monocle* the next day.

"Stop," cried the *Monocle*, as Mr. Inkey commenced his questioning. "I'd like to ask you how many men have you on your interviewing staff? Whether you keep one for each day in the year, and as to what the devil the public cares for my opinions or impressions?"

"A necessity is hardly debatable," rejoined Mr. Inkey.

"Do you find then that an interview with an utter stranger is a necessity to the peace of mind of the public?" asked the *Monocle*.

"As essential to the capacity of our readers as their daily meals," replied Mr. Inkey.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the *Monocle*.

"Yes," said Mr. Inkey, "it is peculiar to say the least, but:

Without their interviews folks would pine,
They'd neither breakfast, sup nor dine;
And so they get 'em, more or less,
Served up by the daily press."

poetized Mr. Inkey, whose grave fault was his habit of bursting out into his own original verse, which, in every instance, proved to be idiotic and asinine.

"I may mention, incidentally," continued Mr. Inkey, "that those lines are my own. I never quote. No man has any more right to use another man's verse than he has to take the cigar out of another man's mouth and smoke it. If men with a limited capacity for originality, resort to the mental exudations of others, then, I say, they ought to pay for the matter they use:

If you take another man's rhyme
And you use it as you will it,
Deserves that every time
For royalty he should bill it.

Don't you think that equitable?" asked Mr. Inkey.

"Quite right, sir," agreed the *Monocle*.

Mr. Inkey sat well back in his chair and looked wisely at the *Monocle* as one prepared to bounce upon a subject, sure in his mind that he would get the answers he desired.

"Our abnormally high buildings of course somewhat surprised you on your arrival," suggested the wily editor.

"Now, I wouldn't take you, Mr. Inkey, to be a man who indulged himself in surprises," said the *Monocle*, with an evident determination to evade answering any question whatsoever.

Mr. Inkey looked at the *Monocle* with some astonishment.

"Indeed, I can't say that I am ever surprised," rejoined the editor.

"I thought not," agreed the *Monocle*.

"The political horizon of Europe still presents somewhat of an ominous shadow, and England, as regards the Eastern question, is, as ever, on the alert, I take it from the cable messages?"

Mr. Inkey used every means at his command to wheedle an interview from the *Monocle*. The *Monocle* saw his drift.

"Possibly our city government has appealed to you as being somewhat unique?" suggested Mr. Inkey, with another attempt to rout the enemy from its apparently impregnable position.

"Have you traveled much?" asked the *Monocle*, ignoring Mr. Inkey's question.

"I am loath to admit it, but I am not a traveled man," said Mr. Nebuchadnezzar Inkey, as he drew his handkerchief across his brow,—the humiliation of such a forced admission having had the effect of producing a moisture upon his ample forehead.

"A sea voyage, I venture to say, would do you a world of good," said the *Monocle*.

"But I am not actually in need of such recreation," declared Mr. Inkey.

"You are, sir," urged the *Monocle* with no little force. "Everybody should travel. It's a duty one owes, not alone to one's self, but to those less fortunate who are unable to enjoy the inestimable blessing and radiant charm of it. Travel, Mr. Inkey, is an educator, a broadener of the mind, a luxury for the eye. The very birds of foreign countries make new and beautiful music for the ear. The peoples, too, are, in their strangeness to you, a lesson for deep consideration. Their methods of living and their advancement in all that is best, prove to you that each country has its own aspirations and liberty-loving characteristics; its grand and costly educational institutions, which, by the way, exist, sir, as you know, even in those countries where

by the unread and untraveled it is imagined there is no progress whatsoever. Liberty, to-day, sir, rules, and, heaven be thanked, there is a plenty of it in every clime, save, of course, where heathenism and fanaticism exist. Travel, alone, convinces one of the vast progress of the whole civilized world, and further, of the civilizing influences which each good Christian, God-fearing country brings to bear on those who are living in darkness. The tourist opens his eyes to behold nature in all its varied and exquisite beauty and grandeur. You seem with each step to awake from a slumber. As the dextrous conjurer surprises you with his subtle revelations so does each country, each foreign locality, amazingly reveal to you a marvelous panorama of life, buildings, architectural cunning, sea-scape and landscape, fashion and passion, art and music, ability in every calling and profession, wealth and contentment, the highest social attainments, ancient relics beside the most approved and admired of modern inventions. Often have I stood aghast, when men of supposed intelligence have declared in my hearing that their own little city was good enough and plenty large enough, and finish up by saying, 'You can't show us a better place to live in than this, sir—the greatest city in the world.' Actually the poor chaps, on being questioned, admitted that they had never seen more than three cities, and small cities at that, by which to make a comparison. While admiring such men for their loyalty to their native villages, yet one cannot but deplore the limitation of their ideas and the insular disadvantages to which they are subjected. If, my dear Mr. Inkey, a man grows up on a potato patch you may tell him of a rose garden, but he only knows and appreciates potato patches; in short, it is his world. Travel, sir, has been the means of making brilliant men of dunces, has inculcated in man that great factor of success—self-reliance. It has brought out the best, that was before wasting; it acts as a magic spell in

developing the weakling into a robust, thinking, large-minded monument of humanity. One may well sigh for those poor creatures who can, but will not take the opportunities to see the Great Creation at large. Inkey, my boy, take the advantage while you have the chance. If you determine to travel any time between this and your death, it might be well for you to take a few scruples of my advice."

"Gladly," agreed Mr. Inkey, "but, before going so far, I should like to ascertain your opinion of these United States of America, their National and Civic Governments and Mr. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty."

Totally ignoring Mr. Inkey's interruption, or anything he would like to know, the *Monocle* proceeded: "The untried traveler, my dear Mr. Inkey, is a character study. While he is a frequent occurrence, he is, nevertheless, unique. He is a model for the humorist by virtue of his monumental assertiveness. He boards a vessel to commence with, rigged out in the highly proper traveling suit as devised and advised by his tailor. That at once gives him the air of one who has traveled and knows the ropes, while every step he takes is a stamping advertisement that he is a man of opulent circumstances and so forth. As he waves good-bye to the numerous ladies, gentlemen, youths and babies who have swarmed to see him off, he, pardonably, imagines himself the most important of his fellows. He accepts the very odorous, albeit imbecile, gifts of floral ships and floral anchors that go to increase his satisfaction and pride. Straightway he encounters the captain to ascertain from his official lips the number of knots the vessel can do in a day; what he considers the best remedy for seasickness; whether they will meet whales, rocks and icebergs, derelicts and other possible obstacles and dangers. He struts the main deck with an air of grave importance and is delighted with the steamer and his tourist costume, and becomes actually vain when beholding that he is even observed. He

determines upon being genial and decides to chum in with anybody and everybody. Knowing a little about civil engineering he grows anxious to examine the machinery. His great grandfather having invented a compass some hundred years before, one may forgive him if he nurses a desire to study the vessel's instruments. His mother's father, he remembers, had been a ship's chandler in his youth, and, consequently and suddenly, it crosses his mind to inform the officers at once of that very important fact, so as to prove his relationship to the seafaring fraternity. An uncle on his lamented father's side,—it just occurs to him,—supplied the outgoing ships with provisions; and he begins to ponder on the advisability of discovering the situation of the kitchen, that he may so inform the cook, who will surely then send to his table extra dainties and tender meats."

Here Mr. Inkey tried to arrest the attention of the *Monocle* by looking at his watch, but that was no time for the *Monocle* to allow even a word to intervene between his narrative and anything that might occupy the mind of the anxious Inkey.

"You wonder——" resumed the *Monocle*.

"I regret to break the current of your valued thoughts," interrupted Mr. Inkey, "but as we want your interviews for to-morrow's issue I beg you to give me your impressions of——"

The *Monocle* simply cut Mr. Inkey clean off from the question uppermost in his mind.

"It should be the one desire of a traveler to make it pleasant for his fellow-tourists," continued the *Monocle*. "At no time should he grumble at the playful antics of the dear children aboard. If they jump all over him he must, or should, accept the situation with equanimity; offer, if need be, to relieve the unattended mother of her screaming offspring; read aloud to the old ladies; tend the young widows; give an arm to the winsome lasses who have not yet

got their sea-legs; hasten below, though a thousand times a day, for rugs and shawls; apply to chubby noses, Grecian noses, or Roman noses, the inevitable and restoring smelling salts on occasions of qualms; supply and apply restoratives to the fainting lady; consent to become converted into a human ambulance as far as her cabin door; play all the games common aboard vessel no matter though they are stupid, irksome and ridiculous; rush for the ship's doctor no matter how frequent or how unnecessary the request, or how much you may interfere with that gentleman's comfort; see that he attends the summons no matter how trivial the case or how close you get to having your head punched. Appear to enjoy the sarcasm of the idiot at the dinner table; don't growl if the steward carelessly lets a plate of soup fall down your back, for the very good reason that some ship's soup is better taken externally than internally; get on the amusement committee and, for the amusement of others, work yourself sick. When you see a porpoise assure the ladies that it is a whale, thereby establishing yourself a man learned in marine mysteries and wonders; study up and memorize an assortment of sea yarns and spin them off, preferably before luncheon, since at that season few people are sleepy; give up your very own deck chair to the fair charmer who covets it;- cover her with your rug and be ready to break your neck to do other little pleasantries for her, though she will ignore you when she lands. When you meet the captain, flood him with questions such as: 'Isn't it a dull or humid day? Is the vessel making or breaking her record time, and do you think you blow the horn often enough during a fog? Do you think we shall arrive on time, or do you think we shall be late? Are you married, Captain? Oh, how very nice; and how many children have you? Doesn't your wife travel with you? Really, it's very wrong of companies not to allow their officers the privilege of having their possessions with them!

How often have you made the trip? Ever been in a wreck? Suppose the vessel collided with another in mid-ocean what would become of us? Is drowning an easy death? Some say it is, but, truly, is it?"

"By paying the attentions enumerated to your fellow-passengers and plying the captain with the questions propounded, you will grow in prominence. I will not say what caliber of prominence, but you will grow, and your voyage will be one of peace and delightful recollections. Never forget that the captain yearns for just the questions I have suggested. He is a glutton in his desire to be questioned; it is part of his life, that is why he is there. When you see him on the bridge it is because he fears that he hasn't any more answers left to give; sooner than disappoint he retires. It would be an admirable idea, my dear Mr. Inkey, were vessels to carry at least two captains,—one to attend to his business and the other to reply to the interrogations of the everconstant, indefatigable and irrepressible ladies and gentlemen who feel it incumbent on them to look upon the captain as an Intelligence Department. With these few remarks, and anticipating that you will travel to be heard of one day as a second Henry Stanley or Livingstone, I will take my leave."

The *Monocle* shot out of the room leaving Mr. Nebuchadnezzar Inkey all at sea. Its volubility on nautical affairs had, as a matter of fact, made the editor's head swim and he emerged into the open air in as rocky a condition as though he were walking a deck in a tempest.

REJECTED INTERVIEW VI.—(*Impossible.*)

MR. INKEY ARRIVES AT HIS OFFICE MINUS INTERVIEW, CAUSING CONSTERNATION BY REASON OF HIS VERY NAUTICAL BEARING.

Mr. Inkey announced his own arrival at his own office by singing a sailor song as he entered, entitled "On San Francisco Bay," to the consternation of the methodical bookkeeper and army of clerks in the commercial department of *The Daily Inflated*.

Mr. Inkey was never known in their recollection to indulge in song, and when the head of that department first turned a deathly pale and then changed to an apoplectic crimson, the surprise Mr. Inkey caused can be fully realized.

Reaching the sanctum sanctorum he greeted his colleague, Mr. Stunts, with an "Ay, ay, sir!" and pulling up his trousers from the hips in sailor fashion he growled in stentorian voice, "Heave to!"

At that unfortunate moment the depressed Mr. Spikem entered, in time to join in Mr. Stunts' visible agitation and fear. Such a proceeding on the part of the dignified Inkey was to them unaccountable, unless he had taken sudden leave of his senses.

He mumbled something about travel and proper questions to put to a sea captain and ended by dancing the sailor's hornpipe! He went through the pantomime of climbing the rigging, saluting and hauling the ropes as performed by dancers on the variety stage, or in nautical

musical comedy. It was a sportive, if even to his conferees it seemed a melancholy, spectacle. It suddenly dawned upon Mr. Stunts that Mr. Inkey had victoriously succeeded in getting the desired interview with the *Monocle*, and in his delirium of joy was merely giving vent to his satisfaction.

"Aha, aha!" ejaculated Stunts, "I see it all! You have the interview!"

"I have nothing of the kind," growled Inkey as he dropped exhausted and panting into a chair.

"You have not?" cried the two editors.

"Certainly I have not," responded Inkey, "but I have an admirable disquisition from the *Monocle* on travel, with invaluable suggestions which will be relished by our hungry readers."

Inkey then rolled out almost word for word all that the *Monocle* had said.

"But, my dear Inkey, that matter is totally irrelevant," declared Stunts, with some degree of warmth in his tone. "Why in heaven didn't you get what we need,—the *Monocle's* impression of these United States of America, our National and Civic Governments and our Statue of Liberty? That is what you went for!"

"And that," replied Inkey, "is what I didn't get."

Stunts made up his mind that Inkey was suffering from temporary mental disturbances, which opinion became the more certain when he arose, now restored to normal breathing, and, crossing the room, shook Spikem by the hand, accompanying the action with expressions of sympathy with the surprised gentleman.

Stunts looked with concern first at Spikem and then at Inkey. In his mind he turned over the scene performed by Spikem the previous evening, as compared with the sad condition of poor Mr. Inkey that moment. To the one he attributed a return of the drinking habit, while to the other

he blamed a possible hereditary insanity which was taking effect by quick process. Strange, too, but even Mr. Spikem looked with pity on Inkey, whose antics were such as could not be indulged in by a sane editor.

"I saw and regret," said Spikem, in a melancholy tone, "the destruction and smash-up of George Washington last evening."

"Ah, indeed, sir; I doubt if Washington in all his career ever received such a blow," added Mr. Stunts, tartly.

The stand-off and studied courtesy of Mr. Stunts simply knocked Spikem off his legs. Upon recovering himself he let every particle of his twenty-four-hour-pent-up wrath flow out. He indulged in vituperation, and ended by telling Stunts that if he knew better than he how to get an interview from such an unwilling source as the *Monocle*, he should try without delay. Stunts was certain now that Spikem had not fully overcome his debauch. Then came Mr. Inkey to the aid of Mr. Spikem and, suffering from what he considered very cool behavior on the part of Mr. Stunts, agreed that if the latter gentleman was so blamed positive about it he had better try himself. The gauntlet defiantly hurled at the admirably-booted feet of Mr. Stunts, that gentleman, without delay, took up the challenge. But how deeply his heart ached to see his colleagues in such a mental plight the public will never know. So keen was his appreciation of the mental breaking down, especially in the case of Mr. Inkey, that on his way home he made it his business to call upon that gentleman's good lady.

"Mrs. Inkey," said he, "the subject of my visit is of painful moment."

Mrs. Inkey, a good creature with an unfortunate disposition to anticipate evil, screeched out in hysterical yells, "Oh, Mr. Stunts, don't say that anything has happened my Nebuchadnezzar! Don't tell me that he has passed away! Oh, I knew something was going to happen when Josie,

our favorite tabby, sneezed itself into a cataleptic fit this morning!"

Before Mr. Stunts could say a word to relieve the anxiety of the lady, the cat, to which she had referred, made a bound into the room, took one leap onto the mantelpiece, knocking over and smashing an exquisite and costly clock of Parisian manufacture; then, turning a backward somersault onto the floor, lay as stiff as a pine log. That was sufficient evidence, that second fit of Josie's in one day, that something terrible had really happened her husband, and with a multiplication of successive shrieks, she, herself, fell heavily onto the floor and the cat at the same time. One ominous squeak from the cat, as the lady fell upon it, startled Mr. Stunts, who at once, and humanely, endeavored to relieve the animal of its burden. Mrs. Inkey was a very weighty lady, consequently the editor found the removing business no easy matter. At last, with a mighty effort the fragile little gentleman succeeded in rolling Mrs. Inkey over, but, to his horror, the cat was as flat as a pancake. He called for assistance and it came in the form of a wheezy, wizen servant, who, on entering the room and seeing the state of affairs, started in screaming for "Help!" at the top of her asthmatic voice and then set to calling out "Murder!" in spite of the vehement assurance of Mr. Stunts that there was no murder other than her mistress's unintentional asphyxiating and flattening out of the cat. No talk, no persuasion, could pacify Amangolina Ann, who, without one word of warning, simply kicked up her heels and lay in a heap at the feet of her mistress. Stunts was most thoroughly frightened. He stood paralyzed and when able to collect himself concluded that the best thing to do was to summon a doctor. Off he rushed, hatless and breathless, in search of a medical man. He had not been gone many minutes when Mr. Inkey himself returned home. Once, twice, thrice he rang, and failing to be let in, a

most extraordinary circumstance, he scrambled through the sitting room window; when chaos met his eye. There lay, prostrate, probably dead, his wife, his maid servant and his flattened-out cat; while fragments of his once handsome clock were strewn around the hearth in small particles. All he could see was murder—an atrocious tragedy for pelf. He fell at the feet of his wife and between endearing words and entreaties to speak but a word, he vented a wholesale condemnation of an inefficient and political police force.

In another moment Mr. Inkey had reached the police call and summoned by that means the minions of the law, but through a fatal mistake, he, also, called up the fire department. Almost with the arrival of the doctor, in company with the hatless Mr. Stunts, came both fire engines and hose companies, police and reporters, fire captains and heads of the police department, excited neighbors and others, whose craning necks could not discover even smoke. The scene around the house was pandemonium and the occurrences were fortunate, if unfortunate, for it was due to the bursting of a hose brought through the sitting-room window, that Mrs. Inkey, her servant and her flattened-out cat came to visible life once more. As she was being soaked by the water, Mrs. Inkey turned completely over and went through the graceful motions of swimming. An admiring audience declared her strokes to be perfectly artistic. Were it not for the sadness of the affair the sight of such a performance by such a corpulent lady might have been amusing. Amangolina Ann and Josie favored the awe-stricken spectators with a series of convulsive evolutions and then came to a realization that the world was still revolving. The explanation was such as to open a terrific and unfordable breach between Mr. Inkey and Mr. Stunts, for the latter had been compelled to admit that his presence in his friend's house that night was to warn the good Mrs. Inkey of the possible, indeed probable, insanity of her husband.

REJECTED INTERVIEW VII.—(*Inapplicable.*)

THE *MONOCLE* STARTS ON A JOURNEY.
THROUGH THE UNITED STATES—MR.
STUNTS INTERVIEWS VISITOR AT
STATION—THE *MONOCLE* PHIL-
OSOPHISES.

It was at the railway station that Mr. Stunts, looking ill and careworn, overtook the *Monocle*, having heard that the visitor was about to take an extended journey through the States.

As the distinguished subject of His Most Gracious Majesty was in the act of entering a drawing-room car Mr. Stunts came along.

"By the way, I would esteem it a favor if before seeing our vast continent you would kindly give me your impressions of these United States of America, their National and Municipal Governments and your emotions on beholding the Statue of Liberty."

"I am awfully glad to see you, don't you know!" declared the *Monocle* cordially, at the same time looking at Mr. Stunts' card, "and wish I had the spare time to have a chat with you. I trust the various views I have given on a few matters of moment will satisfy your readers. And, by the way, kindly convey my cordial regards to your numerous interviewers; let me see, Mr.—er—Mr.—er—Mr. Smart, Mr. Bull—what is it? Oh, yes, Mr. Bulldozer, Mr.—Mr.—let me think—Mr. Spikesomething—Spikem, yes, and my esteemed friend, your poet, Mr. Inkstand; no, no, I mean Inkey, Inkey. I am awful on remembering names as you

will have observed by my frequent reference to your card. I think I should have been secretary to the late Mr. Gladstone, in his conservative days, had it not been for my forgetting his name for the moment and calling him Jones! Think of it! A most awful error, don't you know! And, I candidly confess, a most unpardonable one, for Jones and Gladstone are so unlike each other, aren't they?"

At that moment the porter came up with the *Monocle's* rugs, hat boxes and sticks, riding whips and a portable bath-tub. Of course, everybody looked at the bath-tub, whereupon the huge, fat porter was heard to say "Rubber!" Whether he meant to imply the word in the classic sense in which it is used to-day, or whether he merely intended to inform the uninitiated that the bath was of rubber composition, is still a question to be decided.

"Before I start on my journey," said the *Monocle*, "I have to say how very charmed I am——"

"Yes!" interrupted the editor, anxiously and encouragingly.

"I was about to say, how very charmed I am both with the untiring attention your paper has given me, Mr. Stunts, and the extreme cordiality shown me by your fellow editors and your reporters. I feel, sir, that if I have rendered you, them, every one of you, jointly and separately, any service, though small, it is a matter of significant pleasure to me."

"You are in a position, *Monocle*, to add further to any service you may have done us, by just informing me of your impression of these United States of America, their National and——"

"My dear Mr. Stunts, it is with pride that I can boast a good quantity of the old school about me and I can, consequently, appreciate deeply, reverently and profoundly. In this fin-de-siecle period, life is a filigree, and an artificiality. Sincerity to-day is a weakling and lacking backbone. The spinal column of sound, healthy, robust friendship has been

contused by the rapid strides, even into our homes, of the business element. The home is no longer a haven of rest and repose. It is now almost the continuation of the office, the shop, the store, the factory, the law courts and many more things equally unsatisfactory and foreign to the dear, old, hospitable hearth of by-gone days. There is, unfortunately, an unrest, sir, in the women as well as in men; in the new-born babe as much as in youth. Can it be remedied, sir? I say, deliberately, that it can. Why, I have watched gentlemen hurry over their meals in an alarming manner and then apologize for being unable, through nervousness, to sit for any length of time at the table, that I have felt like suggesting that their wives, instead of seating them at the table, might better erect a quick-lunch counter in the dining-room."

Mr. Stunts was now growing anxious as he looked at his watch.

"We have only five minutes," urged the editor, "before you start on your journey, therefore, if you will be good enough to favor me with some idea of your opinions formed of these United States of America, their National and _____"

"Continuing where I left off," proceeded the *Monocle*, with a brave determination to snow under Mr. Stunts and his questions, "I have concluded that the head of the household is to blame. He introduces his confounded commercialism into his family circle, and I tell you, sir, it is a most uncomfortable guest at a table or before a great blazing fire, around which once upon a time the rubber of whist and the game of cribbage were nightly played; and stories of a pure and healthful bent were told and the children, there were children in those days, sat intent and delighted to hear the interesting reminiscences and chivalrous sentiments of their elders. Have modern inventions and modern thoughts and usages brought in their wake a modern hap-

piness which can compare with the contentment of the long past? This is an age, my dear Mr. Stunts, of 'Go' and 'Get there;' therefore, man, woman and child seem to 'go' as they please and 'get' what they please and few 'go' as others please. To me, sir, life is so dear, so beautiful, so generous, that I live to indulge the benefits, as far as I can, which it so bountifully offers, and while fully acknowledging the wonders of the inventions of the day, and the undoubted boon to society which modern inventions and appliances afford, I still, sometimes, nay, oftentimes, wish myself far from the turmoil, the shift, the whirr and buzz, the uneasy, restless, striving world and the goring savagery of the moment. I admire gentle man and noble womanhood so deeply that I would there were a sandpaper to burnish the portion of harsh, unsmoothed, rough-souled creatures and thereby add to modern humanity more of the brightness of life. Burnishing is what is required, sir, a polishing up, a tempering. Folks may prate of the wonderful age we live in. I, too, acknowledge it to be all remarkable and wonderful, but, while I do so, I contend, reluctantly, that there is not the contentment there should and, of course, could be. Take it from me, my dear Mr. Stunts, that the moment is permeated with wild, reckless, grasping wealth-hungry characteristics that speak not too well for the boasted superfine quality of the age. I do not speak on the threshold of this movable palace with the idea that I, or you, can effect a change of existing conditions. Neither think me so bound up with idiocy as to imagine that the speeches, or writings, the importuning of one, or a hundred or a thousand can alter them. The mad rush will go on, the pace will increase, for the race has already started; but, mind you, the heavy weights the majority are carrying, the result of their own handicapping, must tell in the long run. The world will go on just the same, but man will become stale at a very early period in the race for wealth, and

the break down will inevitably follow. Yes, yes, there are others, and there will be others, to take the place of the broken hacks who will strain every nerve to break the record of their predecessors, but with the same fatal results. And when all is said and done the whole resolves itself into the fattening of the one commanding and growing germ—artificiality, which is burrowing its way into the vitals of society. Artificiality is the word, my dear Stunts, that accounts for many unpleasantries in our daily life,—that is responsible for much of the unhappiness we read about, know about and fear about.”

The heavy mustached, pudgy-nosed, balloon-paunched conductor gave the signal, the porter informed the *Monocle* that its boxes, rugs, sticks, riding whips and portable rubber bath-tub were all aboard, and the *Monocle* was soon whirling along in a luxurious car to see the United States of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Mr. Stunts looked after the disappearing train, replaced his note book and pencil, which he had carried in his hand all the while, in the recess of his inner pocket, dried the steam off his spectacles, and ejaculating a husky “Hem!” betook himself to the office of *The Daily Morning Inflated*.

REJECTED INTERVIEW VIII.—(*Irrational.*)

EDITOR STUNTS SAUNTERS TO THE OFFICE OF
THE DAILY INFLATED—HIS RECEPTION
NOT AT ALL CORDIAL—'T WAS THE
COLD, NOT THE WARM, HAND EX-
TENDED—SAD CONCLUSIONS
BY BROTHER EDITORS.

Mr. Stunts was so thoroughly disheartened at his failure to obtain the *Monocle's* views on the United States of America, their National and Civic Governments and the Statue of Liberty that he even passed a half-dozen doors of *The Daily Inflated*, and instead of entering the office of the gatherers of news, he actually made the mistake of walking straight into the establishment of the gatherers of the dead,—Messrs. Gone, Going & Co., undertakers. On perceiving his error he turned white and, stammering an apology, assured the meek-cheeked-white-tied representative of Messrs. Gone, Going & Co., that he, for the present at any rate, found himself in the wrong place. Mr. Mumps, the clerk, by virtue of his surroundings, was alive to any emergency and surprise, but failed, in this instance, to appreciate Mr. Stunts' alarming mistake. As he received a small commission on every order taken during his employers' absence, and Mr. Mumps being in no wise too well remunerated for the grave nature of his position, he was sorely disappointed at heart when he discovered that Mr. Stunts had actually not come to leave an order. It dawned suddenly, however, on his fertile brain, that the editor probably had had a sad order to give, but had, on the very

threshold of the establishment, changed his mind and gone over to Mr. Tobia Shroud, the undertaker across the way. The probable loss of commission glaring Mumps in the eye, prompted him to sit down and pen the following:

GONE, GOING & CO., Undertakers.
Cemetery Street.

February 18, 1901.

DEAR SIR—When you did us the honor to look in at our establishment a few moments ago, I regret, through your hurry to get out again, that I had not the pleasure of placing you among our distinguished list of customers. I take it you changed your mind, though I would esteem it a favor before you give your order to any other firm to kindly glance down our revised list of charges. I also enclose our pamphlet entitled, "How to Bury at Smallest Cost."

Awaiting the honor of your early order, I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant at all hours,

PETER MUMPS.

To U. C. Stunts, Esq., Night Editor, *The Daily Inflated*.

Mr. Stunts at last returned safely to his office and both Mr. Spikem and Mr. Inkey sat complacently awaiting his arrival.

The greeting was zeroatic, indeed. It could not have possibly been colder had the gentlemen met in an ice chest.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Stunts.

"It is morning yet," said Mr. Inkey.

"Yes, yes, to be sure," agreed Mr. Stunts, as he laid down his hat upon the table and commenced to take off his gloves, each finger at a time, and with a deliberation quite unlike him.

"You have the interview, of course?" asked Mr. Inkey and Mr. Spikem in one breath, but with a cruel leer of triumph which showed they had been discussing the matter

pretty freely between themselves and had come to one conclusion, cruel gentlemen! They knew very well that Mr. Stunts would fail, as they had failed, to draw out the *Monocle's* opinion of these United States of America, their National and Civic Governments and the Statue of Liberty.

There was a slight pause as Mr. Stunts pulled at the last finger of his glove and drew a long, deep, sad breath.

"Noo," said Mr. Stunts, "Noo, I certainly did not succeed in getting the interview."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Inkey. "Did I not tell you, Spikem, that he would not get it?"

"Well, Mr. Stunts, we must have something about the *Monocle* in the morning. Surely the *Monocle* said something of interest before departing?" suggested Mr. Spikem, interrogatively.

"The views of the *Monocle* are so extraordinary that I really forget half of what was said," replied the good Mr. Stunts; "but I do remember this much, that there was not one word that would be of interest to our readers."

"Had you not better write up an interview of some kind?" asked Mr. Inkey.

"Really, my dear Mr. Inkey, I cannot collect my thoughts," replied Mr. Stunts in a weird tone.

"We do not need your thoughts," put in Mr. Spikem, rather tartly. "Let us have those of the *Monocle*."

At that moment a messenger handed to Mr. Stunts the note from Mr. Peter Mumps, the undertakers' assistant.

"Now! What have I done with my glasses?" Mr. Stunts inquired as he searched every pocket in vain for his spectacles. "Dear me! Where could I have left them? Here, Inkey, kindly see what this is."

Mr. Stunts passed the note to Mr. Inkey who opened the envelope and read the startling contents aloud.

The editors looked at each other in dismay.

"Why didn't you tell us, Stunts, that you had suffered a loss?" asked Mr. Spikem with profound emotion.

"I have suffered no loss, sir," responded Mr. Stunts.

"Then for whom did you seek the services of the undertaker?" asked Mr. Spikem.

"For no one that I know of, sir," replied Mr. Stunts.

It was now the turn of both Spikem and Inkey to look upon Mr. Stunts with suspicion and doubt as to the healthful condition of his mind. His tart manner, his visit to Gone, Going & Co's establishment, that note from Mr. Peter Mumps—all seemed so exceedingly strange that the wise gentlemen could come but to one conclusion—Stunts needed rest—he was evidently suffering from hallucinations to the extent, even, of visiting an undertaker without reason; even going so far as to waver between the two firms—Gone, Going & Co. and Tobia Shroud. That note of Mr. Peter Mumps proved to them conclusively that there was something radically wrong with Mr. Stunts. His antics, too, in frightening, almost to death, Mr. Inkey's good lady, her maid servant and her cat, on the plea that he imagined that Mr. Inkey was a maniac, only went to strengthen the opinion that he, Stunts, was sadly demented. It was now a question settled in the mind of Stunts whether Spikem should not be placed in an asylum for inebriates and Inkey in a sanitarium for weak-minded, while the two latter gentlemen turned over in their minds the advisability of having Stunts examined at once as to his sanity and, if necessary, placed in safe keeping until a time when his normal mental capacity could be guaranteed. Unhappy times had certainly come upon the staff. Through his discharge from *The Daily Inflated*, Mr. Smart, the reporter, had been denied other engagements, as it had got about in newspaper circles that he was absolutely unreliable; a stain which stuck so closely to him that he, in a weak moment, assisted with all his might and pocket to enrich the

portly proprietor of a dazzlingly decorated bar room. And Bulldozer, poor Bulldozer, reduced to impecuniosity, one meal a day and an abnormally fitting suit of ready-made clothes (so unlike the spick and span Bulldozer) had to suffer the libel of being addicted to drugs which induce mental stupor. Unable to get even an assignment on any paper in the city he added to the undeserved reputation which was attached to him by taking a header from a high bridge into the deep, dark water below. But it is an ill jump that does nobody any good, as was proved after his miraculous rescue, when offers of engagements from promoters, boomers and purveyors of freaks flowed in upon him. Thus our Bulldozer was allotted a living among men. He chummed with the "Bearded Lady;" he supped with the gentleman who voraciously ate of glass; he made a boon companion of the sinuous snake charmer, and besides suffering exhibition as the "Greatest Living Bridge Jumper of the Twentieth Century," acted as press agent for the "Dime Museum;" a position of much honor and standing in the community. So what with disruption in the editorial department, mistrust of the reportorial corps and the parting with two of its most reliable reporters, *The Daily Morning Inflated* was reduced from the cream of journalistic publications to a milk and water newspaper. The internal disruption was felt externally to so great an extent that full soon *The Daily Inflated*, with that struggle which is sadly watched in cases of impending dissolution, suffered a convulsion, accelerated by a puncture superinduced by the strike of the compositors, who, without extra remuneration, a shortcoming antagonistic to the Federal Typographical Union's rules, were kept overtime, day in and night out, to set up the interviews that never came. Thus is shown what disorder may arise in a newspaper office through the muley obstinacy persisted in and indulged by

an iron-rimmed obstacle to all modern intelligence—a *Monocle*.

However, the editors ultimately came together when explanations were exchanged sufficient to exonerate Mr. Spikem of insobriety and Messrs. Stunts and Inkey of incipient insanity, while Mr. Bulldozer was captured from the onerous duties of Press Agent of the Museum and, with young Mr. Smart, was reinstated to his proud and distinguished position on *The Inflated's* reportorial staff with profuse and manly apologies as compensation for the harm and damage done him.

END OF PART I.

NOTE—See Part II for the *Monocle's* sober thoughts and rational opinions.

PART II.

THE INTERVIEWS AS THEY APPEARED IN
THE INFLATED.



BURNED AT THE STAKE.

SHOCKING SCENES.—VICTIM IS DRAGGED TO HIS DEATH.

(*Special to The Inflated.*)

Lynchville, Sept. 15.—Last night another lynching took place at Lynchville. The victim, Tom Pipp, colored, was identified as the perpetrator of an outrage and in the presence of five thousand citizens was bound and dragged to the kerosene-soaked pyre, upon which he was tied with ropes and set afire. His writhings were awful to behold. Citizens came from miles around, many with picnic baskets. It only needed the presence of Nero to make the scene completely picturesque.

(*Special to The Inflated.*)

Pyretown, Sept. 15.—A barbarous act was performed near this town this morning. John Christopher Black, who was suspected of having committed a robbery, was taken out in the fields and strapped to a pole. A heap of wood, well moistened with oil, was spread under and around him and soon the man was ablaze. The scene almost beggars description. Before the tagots were set afire the victim's cries and protests of his innocence resounded far in the woods. The mob greeted his appeals with jeers and profane and blasphemous oaths and demoniacal yells and screeches.

THE MONOCLE RETURNS TO NEW YORK AFTER A TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES. SPEAKS FREELY TO THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DAILY INFLATED ON THE ADVANTAGES OFFERED UNDER THE FOLDS OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

"Yes, my experiences have undergone many phases—some delightful, others extraordinary, often appalling, at times disappointing, now and again humorous, more often sad, occasionally tragic and all the while political."

"Then you have mastered the intricacies of our politics since our last meeting?" inquired the representative of *The Inflated*, who had welcomed the *Monocle* with effusive greeting.

"Mastered your politics!" repeated the *Monocle*; "Egad, it is such a giant that I would hardly set myself the task of even attempting to get the mastery. As I see it, your politics masters you, and is, in truth a veritable and uncompromising, harsh, and frequently a too cruel and iron-handed master. Your people, Heaven bless and preserve them in their prosperity, seem to me to live on politics from the cradle to the grave. You are in many instances peculiar in that you

return men to office, your Senate and your Congress, to fill honorable positions, but you instantly accuse them of accepting bribes, or bribing, or accumulating vast wealth in ways not strictly straight, and, indeed, devilishly crooked. In short, one would think, judging from the extraordinary charges so often laid at the door of your public men, that there are few fit to enjoy the confidence of a free-voting people."

"There is more truth than poetry in what you say, but we are a young people,—we are in our swaddling clothes," suggested the newspaperman.

"Stuff and nonsense," said the *Monocle*. "I repeat a thousand times with a vehemence strong enough to be heard from the coast of Maine to the sun-glinted gates of the Pacific,—stuff and nonsense! Are not your lawmakers men of mature years? Are they not equal in intelligence with the framers of the laws of other great nations? Are they not working contemporaneously with men who, the world over, are doing exactly what they are doing,—advancing the condition of their fellows? Your country has grown up by thrift, indomitable pluck and noble determination, but do not forget, nor should any one of you forget, that to your very wise and scholarly forbears, gentlemen who had a generous schooling in the ambitious and ideal and sedate politics of their day, is due the building up of this glorious and ever-growing nation. They built upon foundations of strength, upon mental pillars of strength, upon ripe and wholesome knowledge, born of a combination of education and worldly experience and healthful social and political surroundings. But granted that you are young, in that case you are an exceedingly precocious infant."

"A precocity conceived by the Motherland which bore our sires," said the newspaperman, proudly.

"Your words," said the *Monocle*, "are evidence of the power and the glory and the unbreakable unity of the Eng-

lish-speaking race. We, no matter the difference of political and social forms, or the wide expanse of sea dividing us, are proud of the Motherland that gave us the sinew, the brawn, the muscle, the brain, the ingenuity, the high, unconquerable spirit, the stubborn, plodding thrift and undaunted courage. To that Motherland we turn as one with filial pride. Her offspring, the world over, will ever remain as one family dispensing liberty, education and charity, whither they may go."

THE *MONOCLE* SPEAKS INTERESTINGLY OF THE COUNTRY.

"Your journey to the Coast naturally brought you a new experience of manners and mode of living as compared with the old world?" suggested the newspaperman.

"It is not my intention to draw comparisons," insisted the *Monocle*.

"At any rate, may not the opinions you have formed be available?"

"The opinions I have formed are decided, and in giving them I wish to disown any prejudices whatsoever. I am enchanted with your country,—beautiful and noble as it is vast, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Grand, sir, marvelous to behold, varied in its scenery as it is in its climate. On my travels it seemed to me that some kind fairy had taken and promised me many wonderful changes of scenery and as each morning came revealed to my view a new panorama of mountain and valley, hill and dale, wide river and circling lake; changing to such sylvan retreats as are untouched by man and enriched and cared for alone by generous and prolific nature. I found enchantment in the miles of desert lands; I became enthusiastic over the apparently unlimited cities and towns and hamlets, and I

marvelled and I pondered, and said I to myself: 'Are the legislators of this vast continent as corrupt as is alleged?'

"And you concluded?"

"I came to the conclusion that your fair country must be crammed full of the liveliest libelers to be found between heaven and earth."

"My dear *Monocle*, you are deserving a seat in Congress or the Senate."

"And if so honored, an unworthiness would be quickly manufactured for me and advertised; yes, even by you who now compliment me. If a man among you would retain his good character let him keep out of your politics."

"When a man becomes public property have we not the right to speak of him as we think?" asked the newspaperman.

"Not as you think, but as you know," demanded the *Monocle*. "It is the thinking that is responsible for your error, your unblushing cruelty. You take for granted, because a man represents you in your National or State Assembly, that you are at liberty to brand him a knave for no other reason than that you think he is one. I have heard, to my astonishment, of so much corruption that were it true, your jails would be overflowing with Congressmen, Senators and others who have held, and are holding, the highest positions in your land. If a public man has the misfortune to grow rich you at once doubt the source of his income. You make charges which are amazing and serious, but, with it all, never is there one to impeach the gentleman. Why? For the simple reason that it is all suspicion; it is thought to be so and so, but, in fact, is never positively known to be the so and so alleged."

"This is a free country."

"Yes, and your freedom is too often misused. It is criminal insolence to charge men of your Parliament with base designs and shady dealings. If your cities are bur-

dened with a class inelegantly called by you 'Boodlers,' is there any reason in the world why you, a free and independent people, should tolerate a state of affairs so deplorable?"

"It exists!"

"I bluntly tell you I do not believe it!" retorted the *Monocle*; "you cast slurs upon your wealthy lawmaker by asking, 'How did he get it?' If he has robbed the public coffers you need never ask those questions. You would know how and where he got it; and, further, if it were so that he misused the public funds, or corrupted or bribed, or received bribes, you know as well as I that he would be compensated with a term of imprisonment and the brand of everlasting disgrace. The fact is you set up your political opponent as an enemy; without fear of a consequence you besmirch his good name and you make charges which you cannot, nor do you even attempt to substantiate."

"We have as much respect for our public men, if deserving our confidence, as any other people in the world."

"Tush!" the *Monocle* exclaimed. "It is your want of respect that keeps from your National and Civic Assemblies many able, representative, scholarly citizens, gentlemen whom any country would be proud to honor with its regard. To my pain and surprise I have encountered men, supposed to be gifted with intelligence, who have not faltered in pouring forth and bragging contempt for upright and honorable gentlemen to whom they are opposed only politically."

"Every man here is free-born and his opinion is unfettered," said the newspaperman.

"There is scarcely a country to-day, sir, but what gives liberty of speech and action to its people, but the liberty of maliciously and falsely and wilfully scandalizing a man just because he is a public man differing in opinion with others, is not allowed by the law of any other civilized nation, nor would it be tolerated by the masses. Few among your

public-spirited men are willing to become targets for the offalized outpourings of the army of irresponsibles and venomous libelers in your community. Your disappointed politicians, or many among them, are a class I have met and learned to deplore, for to them may be attributed much of the brutal libel on those who have been more fortunate in the political arena."

"You do not know our politicians."

"Do you?"

"As a free-born American I know of our politicians and have a right to say what I feel of them; and, further, as a free-born American I care not the snap of the finger for any man."

"I pray you remember, henceforth, that it is quite unnecessary to gorge down my throat the happy fact that you are free-born. The world, for a century or so, has been pretty well assured that you enjoy the inestimable freedom vouchsafed you by the wise Anglo-Saxon framers of your lucid and generous Constitution. I know well that you are free-born. The policeman, who audaciously and murderously clubs his prisoner on the streets of New York until, as is often the case, he inflicts a fracture of the skull, or a few ugly scalp wounds, is also free-born, and, for the matter of that, so is the poor wretch who falls a victim to the free-born easy way of proving and exercising authority."

"You are indeed observant."

"One does not need to be clubbed by an officer of the law to appreciate the brutality. It is an every-day occurrence among you; but since you are free-born I suppose such acts of barbaric violence must be tolerated. However, you must admit the disadvantages suffered even by you who can boast of absolute freedom for all. When the poor fruit vendor on your Metropolitan streets must suffer the heartless tossing into the gutter of his little cart, together with all his fruit, because he does not 'move on' quickly enough for an iron-

muscled, soulless policeman, I rise in indignation and wish I dared, with safety, address a few words of human feeling to the stalwart, fat-fed officer and teach him that by his brutal act he antagonizes those who would be his supporters, and, further, that he, himself, places his important position and authority and the law of peace and order in jeopardy of contempt. You will now have to excuse me. On some other occasion I shall certainly enjoy another visit from you. Good night."

FEARFUL HEAT IN THE
CITY.—MANY PROS-
TRATIONS AND DEATHS
FROM THE HEAT AND
SUNSTROKE.

For the last twenty-four hours the heat has been terrific. The poor have suffered beyond description, sleeping on roofs, fire-escapes and sidewalks. Thousands of unfortunate creatures, denied the right to close their eyes in the Public Parks of New York, found some consolation in being able to sleep on the docks.

There is hope that the new libraries, philanthropically given the city, will be completed by next summer that the advantages of the cool marble steps may be enjoyed by those who cannot find sleep in the sweltering, ill-ventilated tenements. Poor children have suffered this summer as in other summers. Their condition is pitiable to behold. Here, indeed, is work for those who find that wealth is so irksome as to cause its owners sleepless hours in thinking how best it can serve humanity.

We have opened a subscription, heading the list with offers of a complimentary copy of *The Inflated* for every subscriber for a Free Open Air Park, where the poor may find repose without molestation.

Free Ice and Free Fresh Air are excellent adjuncts to comfort, but Free Sleep in a Free Park and a Free copy of our journal would be a blessing and a boon to mankind.

THE MONOCLE ADVISES
THOSE WHO COME TO
THE UNITED STATES
FOR A LIVING.

ADVANTAGES OF SET-
TLING IN THE SALUBRI-
OUS ATMOSPHERE OF
THE GOLDEN WEST.

VARIED OPINIONS THAT
MAY BE READ WITH
INTEREST.

A representative of *The Inflated* met the *Monocle* while in a most communicative mood.

"Oh, yes, I am willing to give you something of my observations while traveling through the luxurious State of California," said the *Monocle*.

"You were evidently impressed with the country?" asked the newspaperman.

"Unquestionably. It is a remarkable State and the only wonder to me is, that it is not far more thickly populated."

"What are the advantages as you see them?"

"Climate, soil, indeed, out there can be found every conceivable commercial and social opportunity for the industrious; every possible happiness for every class."

"What disadvantages did you note?"

"There are no disadvantages out there other than those placed upon the agriculturalists by, so far as I could gather, inordinately heavy railway freight charges, which militate

against the output of the enormous yield of the agricultural districts. Those freight charges are a crippler. California is so blessed that were the opportunity to supply the markets of the world allowed by the reasonable adjustment of carrying charges, the farmer and fruit grower would thrive as in no other land. The railway instead of being a boon, actually cramps and holds back and ties the hands of the tillers of the soil.

CALIFORNIA A MARVELOUS COUNTRY.

“California,” continued the *Monocle* “is rich, developing, wondrous and hospitable. Its vast and fruitful land waits to welcome the sturdy yeoman; it invites the industrious to develop it, and, by the way, its natural opportunities for manufacturing, while unlimited, are almost neglected and overlooked. A laborer may work the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year without climatic hindrance. He can feed well; indeed, for small cost is enabled to live as comfortably as the merchant in your East. He can indulge his appetite, and far better than most business men in other parts of your continent. There are no cruel blizzards to interrupt his day’s labor, nor sweltering summers to threaten him with collapse and prostration. To those industrious persons who wish a pacific livelihood, to those who come to the United States in the hope of acquiring a competency, to the young man of the East who is willing to tear himself from the false and alluring glamour of the much crowded cities, I commend heaven-blessed California. The future of the sun-warmed State cannot be estimated. Its wealth, mineral, agricultural and floricultural, is so vast, and its advantages so great, that it is a surprise to me that more thousands, especially those with small means, do not flock to take the benefit of it all.”

"And as a place of residence for the wealthy?" asked the newspaperman.

"In that important respect, too, California cannot be excelled. The Metropolis of the Pacific Coast offers extraordinary social inducements to the visitor, the settler and the natives of the soil. The educational institutions are of the very highest degree of excellence. Society, notwithstanding the cosmopolitan character of the population, is absolutely conservative. The Municipal government quite equals any similar government of the older cities of the world, as far as I could see, and I noted that one particular essential to comfort especially. The residences are admirably equipped, architecturally fascinating, and, in numerous instances, actually palatial. There are handsome theaters, not alone in San Francisco, but in every city and in almost every town in the State of California; all being conducted and played in a faultless manner and under first rate direction. As a matter of fact several of the shrewdest and most capable managers, authors, actors and opera singers in the United States, in the past and to-day, graduated from sunny, amusement-loving San Francisco. The membership of the clubs is of the exclusive and can number writers, painters, musicians, raconteurs, wits, statesmen, princely merchants and the best that modern clubdom can boast. The people live with a profusion of perfume-spreading flowers for companions, and graceful tall palms and richly foliated trees and the greenest of green lawns, no matter which way you turn, to enchant the eye as if to remind one of the inestimable pleasure and delight and calm and repose to be found in sublime nature. My dear sir, the world has hardly awakened to the inestimable advantages offered by the God-favored lands of California. It is there that nature smiles its happiest, whether on the virgin sand-shores of the Pacific, or be-

yond the emerald-capped mountains, or through the sweet scented orange groves and luscious-fruited orchards. It seems to me to be an ever-smiling land, awaiting to satisfy with prodigal hospitality the needs of all mankind."

THE *MONOCLE* VENTS ITS OPINION ABOUT
CHICAGO AND BOSTON AND OTHER CITIES
AND SPEAKS OF DEPRAVED POLITICAL
VERSUS CLEAN MUNICIPAL POWER
—NEW YORK CITY A MAGNIFI-
CENT GIANT.

"You, of course, had a view of Windy City?" asked the newspaperman.

"Windy City!" exclaimed the *Monocle* with an effort to recollect. "No; I do not remember having stopped over at any city of that name, indeed, I am positive——"

"By Windy City I mean Chicago," explained the newspaperman.

"I thank you for your lucid explanation. Windy City! Dear me, I suppose Chicago is so called by reason of the winds from Lake Michigan?"

"Possibly that," said the newspaperman.

"I met them face to face, yet I didn't recognize anything about them at all exceptional from other winds. But your question was, I believe, as to my view of that city. Yes, I dropped in and walked between the lofty cloud-reached buildings which, with their countless commercial offices, are monumental proof of the enterprise of that very extraordinary and quick-grown center of industry and thrift."

"Naturally, you paid a visit to Chicago's great slaughter yard?" inquired the newspaperman.

"Naturally, I paid visits to Chicago's great University as well as to many of her admirably organized public institutions and localities of princely residences," retorted the *Monocle*.

"You evidently think well of Porkopolis?"

"I think well, indeed, highly, of Chicago," replied the *Monocle*.

"I note in you a deep strain of reverence," declared the newspaperman.

"Say as well that you note in me a keen sense of justice and a ready recognition and appreciation of that which is deserving of respect."

"Don't you think that many years must elapse before Chicago can hope to come any way near New York from an educational, social, artistic and commercial standpoint?" asked the newspaperman.

"If you are very anxious to have my candid opinion, then here it is: From the points you advance for comparison, Chicago suffers not one whit, since she has taken hold of and enjoys every advantage that modern invention and culture are able and ready to bestow. She can boast a clean cut social set. I like her social set. It isn't clothed in tinsel and it is thoroughly healthy and robust."

"Then black-soot-smearing smoke must be of some advantage after all," said the newspaperman.

"I should say of decided advantage," returned the *Monocle*.

"But a devilish nuisance you'll admit?" inquired the newspaperman.

"When those chimney stacks by the hundreds emit columns of curling, writhing smoke and showers of soot, remember that they represent the working of thousands of toiling men; they tell of the feeding and the clothing of families; they are the signs which remind the visitor that he has come to a home of industry where the live man may

find labor. That smoke of which you complain, is to the laborer what the beacon light is to the mariner. That curling smoke beckons the artisan to the furnace doors, while in the buzz of the monster machinery can be heard the song of welcome—the paeon telling of prosperity.”

THE *MONOCLE* DECLARES CHICAGO A WONDERFUL CITY.

“When one is reminded that once upon a time, and not so long ago, that smoky, busy, thriving, massive Chicago, like Troy, arose from the ashes, one can the better appreciate the push and quick thinking precocity of its founders, a go-aheadness that obtains to this very day, a characteristic which will surely raise, not before long, either, the Western Metropolis to the proud position of being the largest populated city of the United States. Now, replying to your other questions as to its social and artistic standing as compared to the Atlantic-gate city of the States, I have but to refer you to a view of the superior homes, the quite admirable conduct of the public institutions, the luxurious club advantages, the temples of amusement, the spacious parks and, what I choose to call, the astonishing mercantile arenas and the bountiful and unstinted hospitality, together with the hearty manner with which it is bestowed and lavished. I take it that Chicago, and the cities west of the Mississippi, are typically United States American, as are also the restful, reposeful cities of the kindly, genial South.”

THE MONOCLE SPEAKS OF BOSTON AND FAIRLY ENTHUSES OVER THE HUB.

"And what about the Hub? Our School-ma'am? Our monitor? Our Preceptor?" asked the newspaperman.

"Boston!" exclaimed the *Monocle*; "how could I bestow other than heartfelt appreciation of that acknowledged seat of conservative commercialism and lofty learning?"

"Ah, I see, you have tasted of its intellectual beans!" gasped the newspaperman.

"Beans are much more wholesome," returned the *Monocle*, "than a bill of fare, ill-smelling of garlic and colored with the drippings of a cheap, bad claret—the very objectionable and grossly uninviting characteristics of a Fifty Cent Alien Table D'Hote."

"Naturally, you will show a preference for a city so very English, you know!"

"Indeed, I found the Bostonians no different from the rest of the great, good-blooded descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race; and, coming down to that very extraordinary attempt at satire, I have often met here, about being 'So very English, you know,' I would ask whether in your heart you truthfully think it a crime or ridiculous or tomfoolery or grotesque to retain and maintain the gallant customs, habits, characteristics, valor, courage and innate honor of your noble sires and the purity and chastity of your sweet mothers, who were the very sons and daughters of English men and English women? Do you hear your German-American citizen scoff his fellow countryman, or the descendants of Germans, with, 'So very German, you know!' or the French-American twit his blood relation with, 'So very French, you know!' or the Italian-American snarl at his compatriot, 'So very Italian, you know!'? No, sir, you do not! They do not make believe that their blood is di-

luted, but pride themselves on their constant endeavor to maintain it in all its native glow. While they do honor and give allegiance to the country of their adoption, they still proudly think of the land which gave them birth and continue to regard with respect and love the companions of their childhood."

"You will agree that we need not make ourselves servile imitators?" urged the newspaperman.

"Which of you that has done so?" questioned the *Monocle*. "Let me draw a parallel: The highly bred horses that are transported to these shores from across the seas for the purpose of assuring a certain stable the best class of animals, what of them? An enormous price is unstintingly given for them for the reason that their brood, it is hoped and expected, will turn out to be of equal value. The strain in the descendants is boasted by the stud-owner; he is proud of the blood of the sire and the dam, which he sees in every step, in every vein and every characteristic of the youngsters. He tells his guest that the pride of his eye in that stall is by imported Sir Modred out of imported Fairy Queen. That owner and breeder never forgets the blue-blooded progenitors. He refers to them with profound respect, and his one desire is always that the equine progeny shall inherit every trait of their ancestors. When he sees his colts, those from the imported stock, step up to the chin and with rounded neck and flowing mane prance and caper, and move with noble stride, he does not say derisively, 'so English, you know!' If he were to say it at all it would be with exultant pride. Now as for the Bostonian, I grant you that he carries the mark of his good ancestry, and, forgive me for saying it, but, so do you."

"I am an American, sir!" declared the newspaperman.

"In the name of heaven I never said you were a Hottentot!" cried the *Monocle*. "Of course you are an American, and, faith! your proud progenitors came here from across

those seas and they increased and multiplied and Uncle Sam, looking down upon his frisky, high-stepping colts, admiringly soliloquizes thus: 'Is't any wonder my high steppers and pacers can win any race hands down, and in a canter? Their sire was Old England, dam Brittannia! What better pedigree, I trow?' Blood, my boy, will tell in man as well as in beast. Those who affect to pooh-pooh that human fact are trying in vain to deceive themselves."

"Well, let us go back to Boston," suggested the newspaper man.

"Willingly," agreed the *Monocle*, "for I love the dear, historical place. Boston, like delightful and sedate Philadelphia and aristocratic Baltimore and semi-tropical New Orleans, and many other of your distinguished sea-girt and inland cities, is a truly Imperial representative of your country. Its women, as well as its men, carry in the van the banner of learning; they lead the march from that dignified University Campus whence much of the wisdom is disseminated over your land."

THE MONOCLE CASTS ITS REFLECTION ON NEW YORK CITY.

"And our Metropolis, what opinion may you have formed of that greatest city on all earth; that monument of all that's wonderful; that gigantic abode of between two million and three million souls; that political haven whence no politician cares to go beyond Albany? Speak, *Monocle*, oh speak," entreated the newspaperman.

"A handsome city, indeed," commenced the *Monocle*. "A fine, prosperous looking city, but how very strange it is that so few Americans are to be found there. But that, I think, can be readily understood, for no one would expect to find a representative American in an eight-room-flat-apartment, or hemmed in by two portions of what you call

'The Tenderloin;' nor would one expect to discover him seated at the blindless, exposed windows of restaurants, giving the passing public the privilege of beholding him gourmandizing. New York City has so many charming advantages that I really feel sorry to see that it has been evacuated by Uncle Sam's children who have gone to the delightful suburbs to escape the ragged army of politicians and others. The Borough of Manhattan is, in parts, remarkably handsome and attractive, but, unfortunately, it is congested. It is narrow chested, towering sky-high, allowing little breathing space, no room for expansion; everybody lives either on the top or below everybody else. The majority being compelled to live in boarding houses and lodging houses and sandwiched between loosely-built, thin-lathed, plastered walls, there is only a pretension to absolute privacy. Still, you are a magnificent giant among the cities of the world."

THE ALIEN ELEMENT STRONG IN NEW YORK.

"Yes, the alien element predominates, arrogates and formulates until one is inclined to wonder why your House of Representatives should not, for the sake of truth, be called 'The House of Cosmopolitans.' You have those among you who excel in bribery, according to every one of your newspapers, and I presume, therefore, the charge cannot be questioned; also in corruption, shameless police scandals, defiance of law and a total ignoring of order. Accepting every one of your papers to be correct, and your Good Government committees a genuine need, your city is a Bedlam, a Babylon and a hot-bed for the worst and most contaminating political hucksters that could be collected in any part of the civilized world. Your police are charged openly with being consort with crime, and with warning those against whom war-

rants are issued, so they may escape; and, actually, to politicians is attributed the dangerous and pitiable and rotting condition of the most wonderfully constructed of all wonderful bridges. The churches have sought protection for the citizens against infamy, and the pulpits have echoed and re-echoed condemnation, have appealed and supplicated, and joined hands with laymen in the hope of remedying the degradation and wrongs at their doors; Grand Juries have been impaneled to investigate hideous and dark official deeds. Committees of Investigation, besides, have been appointed and have sat for months probing, or trying to probe, into the depths of alleged crime; authority has been defied even by officials under direct examination; impudence and audacity have been rampant; bombastic refusals to reply to legitimate questions put by the chairman appointed to sit in judgment by the Governor of the State have been common; a magistrate flushed with his sense of duty, and determined, so far as was in his power, that the ends of justice should not be defeated, has even himself headed a party of arresting officers, and so many things have happened, are happening and will continue to happen, not consonant with the dignity of so fine a Metropolis of so great a country, that one staggers in dismay and wonders and ponders for a reasonable answer to it all. What is the matter with the people to allow it? That question I have heard time and time again."

"Have you fathomed the secret?" the newspaperman asked.

"The cause is in the political-alien element which rules and fools and defies the people of the soil. I speak, remember, from what I read, not in a politically biased or prejudiced press, but in the columns of reputable newspapers of all shades of politics; newspapers unanimously calling for better, cleaner, purer and truly representative Municipal Government. Please do not allow my remarks

to read as referring in any way to your National or Federal Institutions or Statesmen, for such is not intended. I allude solely to your Municipal authorities and the calous controllers of Municipal representatives. I am doing a bit of pig-sticking or tilting at the hogs that are scrambling and fattening at your Municipal trough.

"There will, I know, be those who will splutter condemnation over me, for it is only human nature after all to rebel against a criticism which is not laudatory. But let me say here, that in replying to your anxious and urgent questions I truthfully, and without fear or favor, join the ranks of your clergyman, your priest, your judge, your most representative heads of the body commercial; in short, I but echo the condemnations trumpeted by your press and the whole of your self-respecting citizens. In a previous interview I gave you, which in one or two respects I would certainly now modify, I might have dealt with this vital question but for the fact that I had not read of, or studied the Municipal problem which is so agitating you. Of course, a change for the better will come. It may take years. However, if you are ready and willing to wait, you know all things will come to you. What bothers my comprehension is the fact that, though your highly esteemed citizens are perpetually in arms against the existing state of affairs, still the wrong men are permitted to boldly control matters just the same. Therefore, I take it that your good intentioned reformer is much in the minority, since the majority of the voters seat in the cozy-padded official chairs the very men who are objectionable, and against whom the severest condemnation is hurled."

FOUND DEAD FROM STAR-
VATION AMID HOR-
RIBLE SURROUND-
INGS IN A
TENEMENT UNFIT FOR
CATTLE TO SHEL-
TER IN.

The body of an unknown woman, almost naked, showing signs of terrible poverty, was found at 100 Rookery Flats last night. The unfortunate creature, judging from her emaciated condition, had evidently died from starvation. It was learned later that the deceased may be Mrs. Milton Maple, who, through losses, was reduced to beggary some year or so ago. She was known about the neighborhood as "The Lonely Lady." At her feet was found an essay on "Philanthropy and Advice to Philanthropists—How best to distribute their wealth since it has become to some of them a very trying question."

The body was taken to the Morgue, where an inquest will be held.

In an upper room in the same building was found the body of an old man. He was recognized as John Thrift. In a letter he left he admitted having received aid from several charitable people, but ill-luck followed him and preyed upon his mind. At the foot of the note he wrote: "I am now old, and in these days an old man, or woman, seems as much out of place as an old horse. Yes, it would seem that our usefulness has passed, or, we are made to believe so."

THE *MONOCLE* VIEWS THE
HOMES OF THE POOR
OF THE METROPOLIS OF
THE UNITED STATES.

STUNNED BY THE SHAME-
FUL CONDITION OF THE
DWELLINGS,
RECOMMENDS IMPROVE-
MENTS.

"So you have made a study of the housing of our poor?" the newspaperman asked.

"Most certainly," the *Monocle* replied, with much emphasis. "I heard so many compare the poor of the old country with the poor of the United States that I made it my business to study the condition of the unfortunate of your greatest city. I conclude that the majority of those who make the comparison know either nothing at all of the subject or are incapable of appreciating the suffering at their doors."

"Then the results of your experiences are?"

"That for a modern city, your New York presents a deplorable spectacle so far as the poor are concerned. I am not in the least surprised to find that, with warmth, your very able and watchful press has often bemoaned the very shocking condition that exists."

"Yet our charitable institutions are many and the money contributed by the charitably disposed, to say nothing of the

sums paid out by the City and State Governments, is simply enormous. You will, at least, admit as much?" demanded the newspaperman.

"I do not refer to that class which is cared for by public funds. I allude to the industrious population that is desirous of being, and is able to be, self-sustaining. I affirm, sir, that in no other city in the world could the housing of the industrious poor be more inhumane, more shameful or more at variance with the superfine ethics and elevating æstheticism laid down by civilization.

THE NEW YORK TENEMENTS.

"From the lower East side of New York City to well uptown, much, too, on the West side, can be seen any summer day or night a condition of bodily and mental suffering that rivals description."

"You will admit it would be a hard matter to care for so many unhappy thousands?" asked the newspaperman.

"I admit nothing of the sort. Those of the class for whom I speak are, generally, industrious and ask no care, no charity, only decent habitation in return for the extortionately high rent demanded. As things are they must exist in quarters unfit even for animals."

"To whom do you attribute such a state of affairs?"

"To your Public Health Department for one," replied the *Monocle*, with much warmth.

"The Health Department of the City of New York is efficient and is always on the alert; it performs its duty," said the newspaperman in a tone indicating that he knew what he was talking about.

"Were the Health Department of this highly populated city doing its duty, were it on the alert, as you say, it would bring to the Courts of Justice those persons who own the hovels, and grow fat on the rents therefrom. If after proper and decisively swift notice such owners neglected to rebuild their ramshackle dens, or improve and make them

habitable and fit for human occupancy, they should be charged with maintaining a nuisance, in as much as they suffered fellow Christians to pay for rent and live in dwellings unfit for human habitation. Get at the landlord! He is the person to bring to account; he is the one to see to it that there are no leaks and apertures to let in the rains and the cold blasts of the terrible, pitiless winters encountered here. I wonder if such a person ever stops to think of the comfortless hearths of his tenants and of the inability of many of them to provide themselves with even coal to ward off the biting frost and penetrating winds that come in at the creaking doors and dilapidated, foul-smelling passages and ill-fitting windows?"

"But, my dear *Monocle*, in a week after repairs had been completed wouldn't the class whose comfort you champion have their rooms and halls and stairs and passages in as bad order as ever?" asked the newspaperman.

"To that I unhesitatingly say, No! Those rookeries have been allowed to decay for years," declared the *Monocle*.

"Again, I will ask you whether the class of tenants under discussion would guard and maintain the property if it were put in good condition?"

"There should be regulations that would require of each tenant a proper care of the property and a strict observance of hygienic rules. Should he be careless of sanitary laws and order, his obstinacy could be met with ejection, after due caution, of course. Such a stand on the part of the landlord would teach the poor class to respect, and, ultimately, admire the regulations compelling cleanliness."

"But can you teach that class?" asked the newspaperman.

"If the untamed savage can be reached and shown the advantage of civilization, why could not those of the careless poor be brought to appreciate the benefits to be derived from reasonable care of property and, also, the inestimable

blessing and comfort to be gained from the use of soap? There is much persuasive power in invitation and encouragement. So let your rent-gatherer invite scrupulous care on the part of the tenant. A kindly word will go a great way and will, nine cases out of ten, create appreciation and good will. It is too often the case that the rent-collector bulldozes and blusters and snaps at the luckless occupant of a rookery-shamble, taking his rent something after the fashion of a hungry wolf pouncing upon its prey. If the landlord would do his share, I guarantee you that the housing of the poor would no longer remain a troublesome theme to the philanthropist and sociologist."

**HOSPITAL SCANDAL—LIT-
TLE ACCOMMODATION
FOR THE POOR—
RED TAPE A TERROR!**

The press of this city has often protested against the slipshod methods and faulty medical opinions practiced and decided in certain hospitals. The poor suffer too often a lack of attention, and, consequently, their pain is accelerated by forms and red tape and a want of adequate accommodation. The press of this city, some while ago, exposed the shocking treatment of the insane poor. The revelations were such as to cause a shudder in the whole community. The fact is there is not sufficient accommodation for the sick poor; a matter that will sooner or later have to be looked into with the same thoroughness as is shown for crippled animals by the watchful officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Here is a chance for the gold-weighted Philanthropist, if he would have his name engraved on the memory of all mankind. We are sure that this matter has only to be brought to the attention of those good Philanthropists who are ever ready to heed and adopt advice in behalf of the helpless sufferer.

**THE PHILANTHROPIST RE-
CEIVES ATTENTION
FROM THE
MONOCLE
INTERVIEWED ON THE
SUBJECT OF FABU-
LOUS GIFTS
TO WELL PROTECTED IN-
STITUTIONS.
HAS MUCH OF MOMENT TO
SUGGEST.**

"Naturally you have given our great and good Philanthropists a thought?" the newspaperman asked, with a smile.

"You have among you many estimable and extraordinarily wealthy gentlemen, whose philanthropy, if it can be so called, tends toward the filling of the coffers of your colleges and universities, founding chairs of learning and building Public Libraries in cities where excellent libraries already exist."

"Your answer is not suggestive of praise for such magnanimity," the newspaperman said plainly and with a supercilious smile.

"How can you expect me to reach the sublime height of enthusiasm when I consider that, at least, some of the millions being donated in the cause of education, already well and generously cared for, might be divided so as to alleviate the suffering of many of the helpless among us? While acknowl-

edging the needs of education, I cannot forget that there exists intense and agonizing suffering at your very doors. There are pleas from your hungry and prayers from your crippled; there are death-beds made scenes of horror by reason of the deplorable poverty and the murdering-starvation of the one passing to the Great Beyond. Oh, ye builders of costly libraries, ye great and good men, would that your foot-steps strayed into the courts and the alleys, the by-ways, alias sad-ways, the tottering brick barracks of the army of the poor, scorched and baking furnaces in your torrid summers and Arctic regions in your relentless winters! Your agents, your representatives, your parsons, priests, missionaries, Salvationists (good souls), can in one breath divulge to ye stories of poverty, that would make ye feel like turning those magnificent book-homes into Asylums and Retreats for those who, through misfortune alone, are being dragged down, down, down, deeper and deeper; hungry for love, hungry for one word of hope, hungry for the touch of a kindly hand, hungry for a last consoling word."

"But won't the advancement of education, in time, lessen the suffering?" asked the newspaperman.

"First of all the material condition of the masses must be cared for, the body nourished and properly housed. With that foundation successfully accomplished, would come the desire to devour the Philanthropist's literature."

"What would you, as a world-wide traveler and student of human nature suggest, supposing that I had the good fortune to seek the distribution of a few stray millions?" asked the newspaperman.

THE PROPER HOUSING OF THE POOR A GREAT NECESSITY.

"I would say to you this," replied the *Monocle*, "I would say: Expend, at any rate, a part of the money you wish to

distribute for the welfare of mankind, in the erection of model dwellings to be let out at such rental as would meet the convenience of the very limited pockets of the most lowly and, at the same time, to be arranged so as to cover the expense of conducting and keeping the establishments in the best possible condition. Flats on the same principle as the Model Lodging Houses of London, with spacious court-yards for the benefit of the children, should be adopted and all should be under the watchful management of an intellectual superintendent; intellectual, mind you, who would demand that cleanliness and good order be rigorously observed on the part of the tenants. I would call the foundation of such institutions good philanthropy and, besides, they would be lasting monuments to the generous founders. Mind you, I do not presume for a moment to criticise the noble gentlemen who lavish their millions for the educational advancement of their less fortunate brothers, but, I do think that much of the money could be distributed in the manner I suggest, a course which would prove a blessing and a saviour to many thousands."

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR WOULD REAP
THE BENEFIT, SAYS THE *MONOCLE*, AT THE
SAME TIME AGREEING THAT THERE
IS PLENTY OF CHARITY IN OUR
FAIR LAND.

"The children of the poor, especially, would be benefited. They would be benefited by the superior surroundings, and, in that alone, a brighter, cleaner, more circumspect life might be expected. You have many more great and good hearted men who are probably contemplating as to the best means of helping their fellow-citizens. No better gift could

be made, no more needed institutions could be founded as a result of their munificence than the Model Lodging Houses I take the liberty to suggest."

THE MONOCLE SEES GREAT GOOD IN THE WORLD.

"The world," continued the *Monocle*, "grows greater and richer every day and with the marvelous accumulation of wealth, of course, it is a glorious state to note the unselfish and extraordinary dispensation of means to aid in the betterment of the people's education. In face of such munificence I marvel at the audacity of men who set themselves up as censors, denouncers and enemies of the rich; of men too ready to influence and distract the minds of their blind followers. Those very men who cry down curses upon the heads of the wealthy, might probably not do half, or a quarter, as well did fortune endow them with the same riches. It really only needs the distribution of such stupendous sums of money, as have been given, in the direction which will more directly reach the masses, to make them understand and know and feel that the generous givers of millions have striven to accumulate wealth, not alone for themselves and their families, but for the good of all mankind. Who, my dear sir, will deny that we are living in an age of generosity? Who will dare stand up to-day and, in all conscience, acclaim the moneyed man an enemy of the common people? Never was such charity known as now, never was the world in so bright a condition, never were the people of all nations so arrayed in the armor of industry and thrift. And the keener the competition between the respective nations, the better shall it be for all. Competition is an exhilarating elixir. It infuses into the blood a desire to do better than one's neighbor; it keeps the

wheel of industry revolving and, consequently, if not all, then the greater part of the world is employed. The poor will be wherever you go, wheresoever you may turn, and for that class which in your great Metropolis, as in all other cities, must, it seems, be present, I have already spoken. I have pointed out the terribly dilapidated, uninviting and crime-germed condition of their homes. If my views are heeded, the lives of the unfortunate may be made more bearable and fit to withstand the climatic severities which even cut down those who are comfortably and luxuriously sheltered. Yes, my dear sir, there is plenty of charity in your fair land, but does it always find its way along the right channels?"

STRANGE FORMS OF JUSTICE.

IS THERE EQUALITY IN
OUR LAW COURTS, OR
ONE LAW FOR RICH
AND ONE FOR
THE POOR?

Mr. Brazen Nuggets, who as far back as two years ago was charged with embezzling the funds of the Bing-Go Bang Bank, this city, which proceeding brought ruin upon some thousands of citizens, was brought up for sentence yesterday. Owing to the prostrate condition of his great grandmother, Mr. Brazen Nuggets was released on his own recognizance, which means that there is no immediate fear of his ever receiving a sentence for his breach of trust as manager of the defunct bank.

In the same court Thomas Strivehard was sentenced to three months for getting an honest living, but without first having obtained a peddler's license to do so.

For stealing a loaf, Sandy Breadless was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. His wife pleaded that starvation instigated her husband to commit the larceny. The sickly appearance of her six children in court quite corroborated her statement. A collection was taken up for the poor family in the court room. The Society for the Protection of Women and Children took up the case.

THE MONOCLE IS DEEPLY
IMPRESSED WITH THE
WANT OF ADMINIS-
ISTRATION OF
JUSTICE.

SAYS THAT IN THIS LAND
OF BOASTED EQUALITY
THERE IS A CONSPICUOUS
ABSENCE OF THAT DE-
SIRABLE AND NECES-
SARY COMMODITY.

"You will admit, and, doubtless, you have observed, that every man has a chance in this country," said the newspaper-man.

"I would like to remark that it is really very satisfactory to say the kindest things of everyone and of everything. It is a source of pleasure to record the best, but it is, you must own, a false sentiment to pass over glaring faults, to gloss over those injustices which exist or treat lightly those things which conspire to make justice a farce and trial by jury a Gilbertian extravaganza."

"Please explain."

"Only this morning, sir, I clipped from one of your very important and excellent journals the following:

"It seems to be easy enough to convict a man who steals a loaf of bread, but when it comes to the looting of a bank or a United States Mint insurmountable obstacles seem to be in the way of getting at the culprit!"

"And referring to a financial crash in Germany, another editorial comments:

" 'We have yet, however, to see whether German law punishes financial escapades more certainly and more severely than they are punished in this country, where our State and National Constitutions are a great protection to rich rogues!'

"Those expressions, sir, I give you from an eminently representative, clean, conservative and able United States paper; and so it seems to me, after a careful and unprejudiced observation, an observation corroborated by your watchful and clever journals, that your justice miscarries and is even dallied with and made the most pronounced of failures in numbers of, and exceedingly, flagrant cases."

"You mean to say in all candor that we fail in that most vital institution?" asked the newspaperman.

"Your people say so and your newspapers know so and say so. But if you are satisfied to allow your guilty ones to escape on mere playful and convenient technicalities that is your business. The injustices are palpable and many."

"Will you cite a few instances?" the newspaperman asked, evidently much interested in the subject.

"Instances occur daily," went on the *Monocle*, "and no man is such a dunder-headed blockhead as not to notice them and regret the flagrant and malodorous miscarriages of your justice which smell to the depths of Hell!"

"Do you infer that our judicial machinery is all wrong?" the newspaperman asked.

"I charge that the works are decidedly out of gear, and that for the good of society the sooner repaired and brought up to a normal and civilized condition the better it will be for the security of life and property."

"What, then, is the matter?" asked the newspaperman.

"Yes, what, indeed, is the matter? I asked myself, when only recently I read in your papers of a gentleman who had

been summering and wintering for ten years in a prison in the State of Washington, he having been condemned to death time and time again, yet, for that long period successfully availed himself of technicalities—technicalities, not justice, mind you, to rob the rope of its just attachment. Think of it, that a man adjudged guilty can dodge the executioner for ten years! Such a marvel, together with his legal champion, ought to have been pensioned for his natural life and relegated to your most prominent law libraries as authority in the art of baffling the courts, and as an expert in monkeying with your scales of justice. Verily, the poor starving outcast who robs the baker of his penny roll receives a thousand times punishment and degradation, yet your high-class, money-propped scoundrel and rogue somehow escapes that stern justice which is supposed to stand for rich and poor alike. Men found guilty of cowardly murder after exhaustive trials, even in your great City of New York, where one would naturally suppose Justice must be secured to all, find loop-holes through which they are successfully drawn by their adroit counsel; of course all this, providing the criminal is able to supply the money to juggle with your jurisprudence. And in face of all this you have the sublime assurance to boast equality! Your refined, educated and society-pampered murderer wins floral crowns, bouquets and release, while your anemic, untaught, uncultivated and brain-stunted murderer must bow his uncanny head to justice and suffer the flesh-singeing death-volts of your electric chair.”

THE MONOCLE ASSAILS OUR LYNCHING PARTIES.

“It is said in defense of your self-elected executioners, otherwise lynchers, that they resort to hangings and burn-

ings at the stake for the reason that they have no confidence in the very men they themselves choose to administer the law. One can quite understand a community arising in indignation against the perpetrators of a brutal act, but it seems incomprehensible that a people desiring that the law shall be observed, should be so eager themselves to break law and order, defy authority, and outrage, by the most barbaric methods, every sense of humanity and justice. I read a terrible account in your papers of the lynching of some men who were alleged to have stolen some trivial articles. Without trial or explanation a mob conducted them, according to reports dragged them, with ropes around their necks to their murder. The authorities took the matter up, but it was freely admitted that a jury would be afraid to convict the lynchers. If, therefore, your law-breakers are powerful enough to successfully threaten, or intimidate, those who may be called upon to decide as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, then were it not better to ring down the curtain on the evident farce of Trial by Jury? By your very inaction and failure to bring the guilty barbarians to the bar of Justice you admit a startling weakness. You own up that the mob is stronger than your courts. You take for granted that the rising of a score or more of blood-thirsty citizens may supersede your judges and laugh to scorn the admirable law writ on the pages of your statute books. Your Press calls for Justice, demands the indictment of your lynchers, deplores the disgrace that such law-breakers bring down upon the community, but all to no avail. If, by chance, an indictment were found, it would doubtless be pigeon-holed or lost forever in the political sewers."

"You must remember that such intimidation exists only in the sparsely populated districts," declared the newspaperman, "that is, if such a condition really exists."

"Exists!" cried the *Monocle* aghast at the interviewer's attempt to doubt the existence of actual fear in those men, who under oath, and as good citizens, are called upon to do their duty fearlessly and without favor. "Such an admission of cowardly submission to mob-rule is, to say the least, deplorable."

"The highest and the most lowly of our people live under a glorious protection!" exclaimed the newspaperman.

"Where is the protection when men are suffered to be dragged from their homes like dogs and hanged, burned at the stake or otherwise maltreated and maimed without so much as a hearing?" asked the *Monocle*. "We must look these eccentricities of your liberty-loving people squarely in the eye."

"Do you not think the provocation justifies the results?" asked the newspaperman.

"Your laws do not provide, because you are provoked, you may take life to satisfy your outraged feelings. You have ample law, you elect a sufficient number of upright Judges and you maintain all the requisites to punish offenders legally without having to resort to those barbaric methods which were practiced in the ages you are so ready to hold as exemplifying the dark past, compared with the enlightened present. Those communities which arrogate to themselves a license to defy your good law must be taught one day—let us hope not far distant—the power and the stern effect of your legal tribunals. As it is at present you have among you those who wantonly usurp the right to bring down punishment on the heads of the alleged wrongdoer, whereas they themselves are absolute and swaggering criminals in that they defy and ignore the very laws that have been framed purposely to secure that impartial and fair judgment which it is every man's right to expect and, I had supposed, to demand. It is a blot upon your fair nation when men assemble with rope and faggot to mete

out punishment on men and women to whom they even deny the inalienable right of defense! The miscreant-executioners make sure their victims shall die not only an ignominious, but an awful death, and yet the unfortunates might be able to prove their innocence were they permitted the opportunity to offer, even, explanation. On mere hearsay, or suspicion, your lynchers hasten in gala fashion to outrage the honor and the dignity of the law-abiding of your great land."

BULL FIGHTS AND MASSACRES IN FOREIGN
LANDS DISTURB US, YET LYNCHING
IS TOLERATED.

"You shrink at the brutality in the arena when crimsoned and bespattered with the blood of the helpless beasts which fall from the flesh-piercing jabs and the slashing cuts of the Toreador. You are horrified, horrified, horrified at the slaughter of our fellows by a people who feel aggrieved by what to them seems our impertinent interferences with their mode of worship. They resent our intrusion upon their privacy and our meddling with their centuries-old manners and customs; still we do not relax our inroads into their homes and we threaten the existence of their beloved institutions. They rebel and assassinate the destroyers of their ancient prerogatives, but is their assassination of the impudent intruders and meddlers and wreckers of their ancient, and to them satisfactory, customs, worse, or so bad as the deplorable and vicious lynchings that occur in your very midst—wanton, cruel murders by those who have had the advantage of modern civilization, refined ecclesiasticism and improved and ideal government? Halt your soldiers and anchor your marvelous sea-batteries and look first to it that your own house is clear

of those assassins and inhuman monsters who drag probably many an innocent one to a shocking and spectacular death !”

“Then you won’t admit that our exceedingly dilatory and uncertain methods of administering Justice, palliate to some extent the peremptory and extreme measures some times adopted to secure quick punishment?” asked the newspaperman.

“You cannot advance even the slow-coach methods of your law-courts as an excuse for mob-law,” the *Monocle* declared emphatically.

“At any rate, you will acknowledge that if the accused were quickly tried, as, for instance, would be the case in your country, there would be an end to the people taking the law into their own hands?” asked the newspaperman.

“It seems to me you have a class among you always ready and equipped to carry out vengeance wherever and whenever an opportunity presents itself. You have your White-caps; you have those who go about smashing and destroying property in the name of something or other; you have those who take upon themselves the right to expel a fellow-citizen from their midst just because they feel like doing so; and you boast of others equally officious and offensively impertinent, despotic, cruel and unmerciful. I, an alien, since you request my views, ask you: How dare a set of your bullies and your irresponsibles ignore your law and trample on the rights of others who are not in sympathy with the lawless putting to death of a fellow-creature? The Poo Bahs who promote and compose your Quick-Execution-Assemblies are not one whit better than Sicilians and Neapolitans, who with bloody knife sustain the Mafia; they are decidedly more atrocious than the almond-eyed defenders of Confucius—the Boxers, and, indeed, may be placed on equal and parallel lines with the distinguished cowards

who assassinate under the name and by the grace of those subterranean rodents, the Highbinders."

"Do you not allow your sympathy to get the better of your judgment?" asked the newspaperman.

"Sympathy and judgment in my case are synonymous. When I read a short while ago of the barbaric lynching of a mother, daughter and son my sympathy for the outraged was unbounded, while my judgment, naturally, prompted me to condemn the miscreants in a manner unqualifiedly bitter. The newspaper reports of the lynching showed how the three were hanged, their bodies riddled with bullets; how the lynchers ignored appeals even from a Judge and District Attorney who were brushed aside, and went on to describe the tearful prayers and entreaties of the unfortunate women for mercy, the arrival of the Governor of the State some few minutes, however, after the lynching had been accomplished, and his earnest command to the people to remember their duty as citizens and their obligations to the law. In spite of appeals it was feared that ten others might be done to death by the lynchers, consequently, the Governor ordered troops to be ready to rush to the scene of the outrages. The very next day there were no less than three more accounts of men done to death under exactly the same lawless circumstances. Again, a day or two later, your papers came out with further startling announcements which read as follows:

" 'Murderer of a Rancher's Wife Roasted to Death,'
and

" 'Three *Innocent* Men Put to Death.'

"Heaven knows your Press is outspoken enough in its condemnation of these frequent and increasing defiances of the law, and as one influential journal remarked editorially:

“ ‘That such acts disgrace our Nation and tend to graver consequences than many realize is sufficiently evident.’

“The hour is not far distant when such deeds must be prevented by a firm, if terrible example, for if your civil law is not equal to the occasion, then your military power will be expected to back it up and enforce it.”

STEALING FRANCHISES.

“I think you will admit that we are a free and easy people, won't you?”

“You are most certainly a most easy people when the Civic officers of one of your most delightful and prosperous cities are actually allowed to give away a valuable franchise in spite of the fact that an enterprising and reputable townsman, smarting under the questionable action, comes forward and makes a handsome money offer of over two million dollars for the same privileges. Your papers declare the arrangement between the City Fathers and the Corporation ‘A Steal,’ and then it is that your citizens awake from their lethargy and cry out, ‘Corruption!’ Your financiers smile sardonically and the good-hearted gentlemen, who have so generously voted to give up the city's valuable property for not so much as the value of a peanut, remain complaisant and snug. Verily, dear brother as thou sayst, thou art an easy people, but, the gods confound me, if you are a free people. This illustration is but one proof of how effectually you are led by the nose by those in whom you admit you have no confidence whatsoever. It is all very strange yet it may only be the barbed-wire eccentricities which hedge in a Free-Voting People.”

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THE CITIZENS OF THE
U. S. A.
A JOURNALISTIC PRONUN-
CIAMENTO.

It is seldom that we venture, editorially, upon the first page of this paper, and when we have done so it has been to expose some opinion on momentous National events. Once more the sound of the assassin's pistol shot has been heard and a brave and true and tender-hearted gentleman, the Chief-Executive of our land, has been the victim. Be it known to all good men that we arise in indignation, with hearts, at the same time, bleeding with sadness and welling over with love and respect for the memory of the stricken one. We denounce in unmeasured terms those who incite to riot and encourage the less fortunate to believe that the hand of the wealthy is against them.

We applaud those who would harmonize the classes, and we express abhorrence of those who create class-hatred, disruption and bloody lawlessness.

It is our duty, one and all, if we regard the welfare of our fair country, to call a halt and make it understood that while freedom shall ever be enjoyed license shall be stopped in its impudent inroads and insidious progress.

THE MONOCLE PAYS HIGH
TRIBUTE TO OUR
MARTYRED PRESIDENT.
TIMELY OBSERVATIONS
WORTH STUDYING.—
PLAYS THE UNPATRIOTIC
POLITICIANS AND
DEALS WITH
THE ALIEN AND THE AS-
SIMILATED VOTER.

A representative of *The Inflated* again interviewed the *Monocle* yesterday, when matters of political importance were discussed as they affect Municipal affairs. The *Monocle* also paid graceful homage to our Presidents, past and present.

"Politics plays a too obstrusive part in your land. Its exponents, in a vast number of cases, are, according to authentic reports, positively devoid of honor and patriotism. They depend solely upon politics for a livelihood, caring not a straw for name or country, so long as their mercenary object is successful. Some call them 'Smart,' others, the honest folk, call them by their proper name—'Knaves!' I would add to that and call them Traitors. They have no care for the welfare of the Nation nor the city they do, or would, control. They have no scruples in bartering and selling the rights of the people; they do so every day of their lives. They have not the first idea of political honor—political rascality is their motto and, taking all

things into consideration, they do exceedingly well, that is, for themselves. I often wonder if they stop to think of the unfathomable depth of their consummate audacity! But, like all knaves, I suppose they laugh coldly and heedlessly up their narrow sleeves as they scoop in their ill-gotten spoils. Frequently it is charged that the man with a 'Pull' controls not alone the political machine but the courts and the court officials as well. Evidently the man with a 'Pull' has an easy time of it, while his unfortunate dependents must be depleted, riddled and bankrupted at his hands. Such a man has no mercy. He is a drainer, an octopus, a leech, and ought as such to be loosened of his inglorious grip and lashed beyond the city's boundary. You have men of untarnished name and pure reputation, men who value the honor of their country more than life itself, yet when all the outcry rises above the house tops against corruption and dirty politics, their honored names are rarely announced for office. I say, out with your beer-stained, malodorous pot-house politician! Dismiss him! Ignore him! Overshadow him if he will obtrude the presence of his unholy substance side by side with the substantial and patriotic form of the intelligent, the honorable and the self-sacrificing! If you love your cities, if you revere your country, band yourselves into one immense and impregnable body with the resolution that the most noble of your men are alone fit to sit in your Municipal Assemblies. I would go so far as to prohibit other than American-born from holding any Government office, National or Civic. I believe with those Americans who say: America for Americans; at the same time, outside of official positions, assuring all the hospitality and social and business advantages to the naturalized citizen. That gentleman, the naturalized citizen, should not be entitled to vote for at least five years after he has been adopted, when his fitness might be determined. From what I have seen it strikes me very for-

cibly that some of the most disgruntled among you, some of the most bitter antagonists to your law, some of the most vicious denouncers of peace and order and the railers against high and distinguished authority, are those you have adopted, in the hope and trust that you were giving into their safe and honorable keeping the key to the chambers whence come the laws of Protection, Justice, National Dignity and Popular Right. It is that very class that spits on respectability and hydrophobically froths its cheers for its own demoralized set. It is apparently a mighty strong voice, but not so strong, I ween, but what it could be muffled by the more contented and patriotic of your glorious land."

"Do you mean that this free country should limit freedom of speech?" asked the newspaperman.

"Limit anything that is annoying and stop anything that is dangerous," returned the *Monocle*. "And, my dear sir, do you not think it advisable, also, to enquire well and thoroughly into the healthful political as well as social antecedents of those suspicious persons entering this country?"

"While agreeing with you," returned the newspaperman, "I might ask whether you were not in some way affiliated with the late Li Hung Chang?"

"How so?" asked the *Monocle*.

"Well, I am here to interview you, but I find, instead, that you are interviewing me."

"Yes, possibly, I may have inherited the art of Oriental jugglery from a paternal *Monocle* that had the privilege of a long diplomatic residence in that flowery land, which recently might have been plucked into a half score of pieces by as many longing Nations, but for the distraction of the cunning and subtle entertainment by Impresario Li Hung Chang, entitled 'How to Hoodwink the Great Powers, or, Celestial Illusions.' But some, sir, learn from

silent observation, while I, following the method of my lamented friend Li, it is true, reap an advantage from questioning those who, knowing so much more than myself, would, strangely enough, question me. But there is one great and momentous subject before the eyes of your country; a subject which seventy-three millions of people have been made to hear in two pistol shots; shots only from a thirty-two calibre revolver, yet with a report so loud, together with an object so dastardly, and an injury to a lovable, good and generous man so deep that all human forbearance has at last been reached and the cry of your Nation, a cry in one sonorous voice, echoed by other sympathetic Nations, calls for safety for authority, and rightly demands respect and support for all good and accepted government. The peoples of the world have stood with one throbbing and weeping heart at the bedside of your beloved, martyred President. We wept together on the receipt of the first shocking intelligence; we prayed together that the Great Providence might spare to us that noble man whose untimely death was sought by one of the most despicable cowards that have ever drawn the breath of life. We, in the consciousness of that awful suffering and the Christian fortitude of the stricken gentleman, act as one and with one object in denunciation of the lawless, in condemning the flippant insulter of authority, in making it plainly understood that the assassin and those who urge him can have no resting place in these lands; in giving expression of abhorrence of those who, in the guise of friends of the masses, inflame the already ungainly and crippled brains of fanatics, the ignorant and half-witted, and in sounding one ringing indictment against the greasy-palmed rascals who so malignantly and mischievously and traitorously attempt to spread an unreasoning and mad discord, by pitting class

against class, the LABORER against the CAPITALIST, the POOR against the RICH.

"Your Presidents have all been gentlemen of the very highest character," continued the *Monocle*, "and the people have always chosen wisely. The distinguished President, whose pure life was foully taken by the cowardly assassin, proved himself to be the man of the hour—statesmanlike, forbearing, conservative, charitable and in every sense fitted to lead this thrifty, pushing, seventy-three millions of people. He was a man of power, a man of many parts, a man of nerve, and one possessing the grand and solid foundation of a clean and honest conscience. I think no matter what complexion his politics, his bitterest political foe will admit so much. You have lately gone through a National, I might better say an International, trial, the conduct of which, besides placing you on an equality with the great fighting Nations of the world, proved the remarkable ability of the world-mourned martyred President. Generations yet to come will read of him as we have read of Washington and as we have known Lincoln, and, I dare say, with even a deeper thrill of enthusiasm."

"Do I understand you to say that the martyred President will stand out even beyond the two great men you have named?" asked the newspaperman.

"That is my opinion—and my prediction. The times of Washington and Lincoln have changed. In their day, of course, heroic deeds were performed and great acts of statesmanship were achieved, but, when all was accomplished, you settled down as a family. You were content in your own domain, and beyond that you were regarded as provincial. You had not awakened in the bosom of the outer world the admiration which was due you."

"Why so?" the newspaperman demanded.

"For the very reason that you were satisfied to remain a quiet, peaceable, inoffensive circle; you abstained from tak-

ing any decided or important part in the councils of the world."

"Do you not think that it was much the wiser plan to nurse and nourish our enormous industries at home than to go abroad mingling with diplomats and taking part in international complications?" asked the newspaperman.

"My dear sir, you have leaped out from your shell; you have, in a word, revealed yourselves, and having thus come into National existence among Nations, your prominence has been admitted with startling concern. With your new-born prominence has come a corresponding ascendancy in the markets of the world; your industries have increased, your representatives abroad are respected as never before, your word is stronger, you are heeded where prior to this evolution you were politely acknowledged. Your youth has grown in ardor and respects with thrilling pride its flag for its true importance in every quarter of the globe; you have relieved the oppressed while you have successfully carried to them liberty and good government, and if your beneficiaries ever fail to fully avail themselves of the better condition you have so substantially bestowed upon them, in that case they will be the losers."

"Then you think we have the colonizing idea in good shape?"

"As to that I would refer you and your doubting Tomases to the amazingly satisfactory improvements already effected in the lands you have recently acquired or protected. To the improved sanitary condition you have introduced, is due the better health of the people; to the reasonable law you have carried with you is due the tranquility where before was fear, outrage, indescribable barbarity and depravity, and on every hand official cruelty. You went, as it were, into a disordered household, made a thorough cleaning up and set everything in good order,

having showered over the whole the blessings of a glorious liberty."

"Do you believe us to be the hero worshipers that some would make us out to be?" asked the newspaperman.

"Hero worshipers!" exclaimed the *Monocle*, in a tone full of wonder at the question; "you are a people without ideals. I have gathered from your very own lips, too, that you have not the slightest respect for ancestry, no matter how distinguished. You stubbornly refuse to admit that cast is just as distinguishing a feature of your society as it is in other countries. No, you will not admit the existence of cast here because you delight to swell up turkey-cock fashion and cock-a-doodle the very hackneyed melodramatic heroic about all men being equal. As a prelude to a political election such platitude is useful; in normal conditions it is Tommyrot! There have been those who have been good enough to inform me that because I am the subject of a Monarch I cannot possibly appreciate equality among all men."

"Well," said the newspaperman, "I suppose you cannot."

"In all candor, can you?" rejoined the *Monocle*. "When your educated, well-groomed capitalist shall invite his bootblack to sit vis-a-vis at his club, or his home, and dally over the filberts and Madeira at his dinner table, we shall then, all of us, admit the kind of equality which you so easily boast. On earth, my friend, there can be equality only in the eyes of the legal tribunals which are supposed to dispense justice to rich and poor alike."

THE MONOCLE ASSAILS OUR TREATMENT OF
OUR HEROES.

"Come, now, don't you think we have an immense admiration for our heroes?" demanded the newspaperman again.

"At the moment of a triumph you exhibit frantic acknowledgment, but, oh, how rudely you can drag down your heroes from the Eiffel Tower pedestals on which, by common consent, in the *moment* of ecstasy, you place them. It would seem that neither sailor, soldier nor statesman can survive the cheers which, at the first moment of success, you roar out in their honor. You grasp at the slimmest opportunity to make your hero the most uncomfortable of gentlemen. After death, however, you give him his full reward."

"It is our glorious prerogative, as a free people, to say what we think and act as we please," declared the newspaperman.

"Well, then, in that case why do you deny your great men, your leaders, the same privilege to say and act as they please?" asked the *Monocle*.

"They enjoy every privilege," said the newspaperman.

"All right, but at the risk of being lampooned and belittled. The hour is ripe for reminding you to stop this glorifying to-day and humiliating to-morrow. Forgive me if I say that it is ill-becoming a free and fair people. Even the youth of your country learns and indulges too much of the sort of freedom that distresses, consequently, he grows up with a modicum of reverence in his soul. For my part, I think the least free among you are the men who best serve you, and, I am sure, the most uncalled for and virile attacks, absolutely undeserved, mind you, fall upon some of your most honorable men. Having touched upon a subject affecting the conduct of your youth I would say:

Let the father teach his son the many lessons of gallant and unselfish deeds performed by your soldiers and your sailors; let him denounce the picayune personalities that are invented solely with the object of diminishing the luster of hard-won glory; see to it that your youth is taught the nobility of the self-sacrificing and patriotic heads of your Nation, irrespective of the political religion they profess."

"So you think the least free among us are those men who best serve us?" asked the newspaperman. "How do you account for it?"

"Without a doubt!" exclaimed the *Monocle*. "You ask too much of your statesmen; you harrass them; your criticism, too often unjust, commences before their term of office begins, and digs and pricks at them until they retire. You are not a graceful people so far as the treatment of your officials. You say of yourselves that you are nerve-strung to account for your impatience and meteoric impetuosity. While it is a hard matter to please everybody, yet I verily think your man in office ought to look around for an Abraham Lincoln to bring Emancipation for Executive Slavery!"

"Then what in your opinion is the matter with the world?" argued the newspaperman.

"The fact is, the bold ribaldry, the malicious scandal and the inflammatory rhetoric of the day assume so high a temperature as to consume the world with what might be called the Red-rhapsodical fever; a form of mental decay or irritation which is infectious and creative of a pulse that is false and positively alarming. The symptoms, my dear sir, are sufficient to disturb the most pronounced optimist. Medical science, my boy, has done much to abate and arrest scarlet fever, yellow fever, typhoid, typhus and all the ravaging and distressing fevers known to medical science; and now that all such dangers are being minimized, when yellow fever germs are

declared to be carried to poor humanity by the inoculating and happily doomed mosquito, a new infection, and a dangerous one at that, is discovered in the Red-rhapsodical fever; a rousing, exciting, blood-sizzling infection which corrodes the heart and rots the brain and brings ravage to those poor constitutions which through an unnatural weakness, inherited or assumed, are easily affected.

"Life is so beautiful, the gift of it so gracious, the world so noble, its hospitality so prodigious, that it seems now a good season to arrest the spread of the new fever, that existence may be pure as it once was and just as sedate and harmless, generous and healthful. A disinfectant is essential then to resist the course of the malignant cases which have become almost an epidemic. A disinfectant, as you know, is a purifier used to resist or counteract infection, but the exact particular remedy that must be discovered for the cooling, abatement and eradication of this Red-rhapsodical fever has not yet been determined, though it is quite positive that the cleanly portion of mankind will not wait long for protection against the insidious spread, but will bring into quick use a powerful and stringent antidote."

MAGISTRATE AND ATTOR-
NEY COME ALMOST
TO BLOWS.

PHILIP CALLED COUNSEL-
OR SOAK A LIAR, AND
THE COURT, WHO
FAVORS SOAK,
TOOK
A HAND IN THE UN-
SEEMLY AND DIS-
GRACEFUL SCENE.

A disgraceful row occurred in Magistrate Snarl's Court yesterday, when Attorney Philip called Counselor Soak a liar. Blows were prevented by Magistrate Snarl's, who, in fighting attitude, threatened, himself, to throw Philip out of the Court room.

Court was adjourned and the lawyers subsequently settled their differences at the bar of an adjoining saloon. The unseemly scenes enacted in Magistrate Snarl's Court are attracting widespread attention.

On the reassembling of the Court, the well-known financier, Mr. B. A. Pitch, was ushered into the presence of Mr. Snarl, on a complaint insinuating that he had obtained money under false pretenses, and, also, with having used money entrusted to him by confiding clients. On the application of Mr. Diamondbedecked, his attorney, the case was adjourned sine die, the Court expressing regret for any inconvenience the accused financier had suffered.

THE CONDUCT OF OUR
POLICE COURTS FINDS
DISFAVOR IN THE
EYE OF THE
MONOCLE.

FLIPPANT COURT OF-
FICERS AND UNDIGNIFIED
LAWYERS MAKE A
STRANGE GROUP.

"Having taken in so much of your country and your country's institutions; its magnificent colleges and universities, its already very capital libraries, erected without philanthropic aid, and your museums and your art galleries, your parks and your gardens, your great lakes and picturesque rivers, your overcrowded, tottering tenements and your princely palaces, I peeped into your Police Courts," said the *Monocle*, "and I have watched the proceedings with curious attention and a good deal of interest."

"Will you give me your experiences?" asked the newspaperman.

"A few, I am sure, will suffice to show you with what little regard the poor and the unfortunate are treated. Your Police Courts, or those of them I have visited, are hot-beds of misery and degradation. Your Magistrates, in the first place, do not insist on obedience and respect. The court officers are lacking in docility and amiable-

ity. They are boorish, loud-mouthed, domineering creatures, with, comparatively, more authority than a Supreme Court judge. I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that the pleasant words, 'Please' and 'Thank you,' were never taught them during babyhood, youth or manhood."

"You see they are mostly all self-taught men," said the newspaperman.

"That is quite evident," agreed the *Monocle*.

"What was it that most offended your sensitiveness?" demanded the newspaperman.

"Better ask me what it was that aroused my pity and astonishment," responded the *Monocle*. "I saw and heard many strange things. I think it most unfair, for instance, that an accused must tolerate the undertone discussions which, while his case is under trial, take place between lawyer and magistrate. The *sotto-voce* confabs cannot be caught by the prisoner, the party most interested, who hears absolutely nothing of what is said against or for him until a rough hand shoves him along with the accompanying words:

"'Get along out of this! You've got six months to repent.'

"'What do you mean?' asks the bewildered prisoner.

"'Why, didn't you hear the judge sentence you to six months?'

"'No, I didn't,' the surprised prisoner replies.

"And another brutal shove and both officer and unfortunate disappear. The unlucky man was right; the Magistrate mumbled the sentence and few, in truth, heard it. The whole business is slip-shod. Half the time the accused cannot even hear what their well-paid lawyers are talking about; indeed, the whole procedure is lax, uncouth, brutal and a travesty on Justice and civilization. A policeman affirms, and, turning to the Magistrate, in-

stead of speaking so all within the Court shall hear him, mumbles his evidence in a perfunctory, listless manner and the obliging attorneys, to aid him in his diffidence to speak aloud, move closer to the witness box, alias stand, and by that concession to the witness, are enabled to hear the charge he makes against their client. Yes, in nine cases out of ten, poor prisoner hears nothing, or very little, of what is taking place; consequently, he cannot properly defend himself, even though he is represented by an attorney. The officials and the lawyers are so accustomed to this go-as-you-please, slovenly characteristic of some of your Police Courts that it must be left to the casual stranger, or the prisoner himself, to see and appreciate the injustice of the proceedings. So far as I could see, an accused has absolutely no chance at all, and, shame to say it, there is little or no consideration for him. On the other hand, a man or woman of some sort of distinction is called upon to answer a charge, and the Magistrate, good creature, who can be considerate under some circumstances, places his private room at his, or her, disposal. Therefore it seems to me that your boasted democracy is cruelly inconsistent as illustrated even in the difference in treatment of your poor, unfortunate prisoner and your snug, well-groomed, seal-mantled accused."

"What would you do in the matter?" asked the newspaperman.

"You know very well what I would do in the matter; and I know you, a newspaperman, would act exactly as I would act. I would have every witness, every policeman, deliver his evidence in a voice so clear that there could be no misunderstanding his statements. His words would be heard throughout the Court. Attorney, too, would have to be distinct, deliberate and audible. I would have the words of the Magistrate equally distinct and, further, I would permit no class or cast favor. As it stands to-day,

a Police Court proceeding, in your city, as I viewed it, is a jumble accompanied by clatter and chatter and everything else but dignity. I give you this observation for the reason that the all-important subject appeals to me as calling, in the name of humanity and fairness, for a speedy and salutary change."

PERJURY RAMPANT IN OUR COURTS.

"Assuming that all you charge is correct, do you not think that the Courts offer safety and protection for all?"

"Until your people are taught to appreciate the gravity and solemnity of the law, until they are made to understand that punishment will surely and swiftly follow perjury, there can be no safety or protection in your Courts of law," declared the *Monocle*.

"On what grounds do you base your charge? What foundation have you for so grave an indictment against our veracity?" the newspaperman demanded.

"Observation," replied the *Monocle*.

"Your observation, I fear, may be the result of bias or prejudice, or, possibly, your not quite understanding our form of legal procedure," said the newspaperman.

"Then I find it my bounden duty to back up my assertion with the unbiased and unprejudiced corroboration of the president of the Bar Association of one of your States. *'Where is there a lawyer,' he asks, 'who has not seen a guilty criminal pass out of the Court room, acquitted and set free because of perjured testimony? What one of us has not seen the rights of persons and property sacrificed and trampled under foot, presumably under due form of law, but really and truly by the use of corrupt, false and sometimes purchased testimony? One judge of long expe-

*"Council Bluffs (Ia.), July 16, 1901.—The President of the Bar Association made startling statements regarding the prevalence of bribery in the American Courts of Justice in his address to the Iowa State Bar Association."—*Vide Press*.

rience upon the bench writes me that in his opinion about one-half of all the evidence received on behalf of the defense in criminal cases is false. Another judge of equally high repute writes that he believes seventy-five per cent of the evidence offered in divorce cases approaches deliberate perjury. Another writes that perjury is committed in a majority of important law suits, and that the crime is rapidly increasing.' Surely, you will admit the alarming significance of such admissions?" enquired the *Monocle*.

"Do you think, so far as the administration of our laws, we are different from other Nations?" asked the newspaperman.

"I am making no comparisons. At the outset I determined, in reply to your questions, to deal with your country alone. Having traveled through it from end to end and back again, I think I find myself competent to form a fairly correct judgment of many important things I have seen and heard and read of. You know my impressions. You are aware of my deep appreciation of the vastness and the beauty and the majesty of your great land, and you have heard me, in reply to you, of course, condemn some few things which here and there leave not altogether a pleasant impression. It would be a marvelous phenomena, indeed, were man or Nations perfect. Such a happy condition were impossible, but at any rate, it is the duty of Nations, and especially a Nation so blessed as these United States, to see to it that Justice, at least, be paramount and ever ready to give security and, therefore, confidence, peace and contentment to all. Your Judges, being desirous of purging the courts of perjurers, and others of equally easy conscience, must be backed up by the people."

"Then do you not think the Courts are properly upheld?"

“Upheld!” exclaimed the *Monocle*. “When your Judges find it difficult to get a conviction where a prisoner is proved guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt; when attempts are made, successfully or unsuccessfully, to bribe jurors; when perjury is flagrantly resorted to and gets away unpunished; when murderers found guilty and sentenced to death can for years hold Justice at bay and then escape her; when the robbers of your public funds from your public institutions remain undiscovered; when the decisions of your learned Judges are made faulty and sent to other learned Judges for revision; and, again, the decision of the other learned Judges are appealed and the Law-Court machinery is made to work at high pressure at the will of a wealthy litigant, who, without justice on his side, sooner than lose, will fight his less wealthy opponent to the last ditch of poverty! When we see all these injustices, these vexatious wrestlings with the law, these unholy blots bespattered on the escutcheon of your proud and wonderful Nation, can we conclude that your law Courts are properly upheld? Go! Lift the bandage from Justice’s eyes and you will behold tears; inspect further, and you will discover that the scales she holds have been tampered with, and her defending sword made blunt. The sooner those tears are dried and you make your peace with Justice by readjusting those scales to the finest and truest balance, the better will it be for all. Remember that in the establishment of Justice and the serenity of equitably distributed law depends the true ring of happiness and good faith and social and commercial integrity throughout the land.”

BANK WRECKERS PAR-
DONED — WHY THEY
SHOULD BE IS THE
PUZZLE OF THE
HOUR.

Mr. Easy Cash, late manager of the Iron-Safe Bank, which closed its doors just a year ago, was pardoned and released from jail yesterday. Mr. Easy Cash, it will be remembered, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. His defalcations amounted to twenty thousand dollars. Owing to a petition, signed by many influential gentlemen, the release was effected. Much surprise has been expressed by the numerous depositors who were made absolutely penniless, that the ex-manager should not have been allowed to undergo the full term of his too short sentence.

Mr. Uriah Squeals, ex-cashier of the Trust-All Bank, which through his peculations closed its doors a year ago, has been given his liberty. Our reporter was informed that Mr. Uriah Squeals, who had only served ten months of his three years' sentence, was in poor health and for that reason was released from jail. It will be remembered that Mr. Squeals' defalcations were exceptionally serious and caused wide-spread misery.

THE MONOCLE SPEAKS OF
OUR SOLDIERS.
AGREES IN ALL THAT THE
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
COMMANDING THE
U. S. ARMY HAS
SAID REGARDING THE
POOR DEPARTMENT
AND LAXITY OF
MANNERS IN
THE MEN.

The *Monocle* was found by *The Inflated's* representative, glancing seriously over a recently published note to officers and men issued by the Lieutenant-General Commanding the U. S. Army.

"Monocles being much in evidence in the British Army, you are, no doubt, in a position to speak on military affairs?" asked the newspaperman.

"Yes, I have seen service in a monoclastic capacity and, naturally, take an interest in all matters of a military nature," replied the *Monocle*.

"Of course, you have met our soldiers on your travels?"

"I had the privilege of seeing many of your regiments upon their return from your Philippine possessions."

"Remembering your determination I will refrain from asking you to make a comparison between our Militia and your own."

"That is very wise and very good of you."

"May I ask the impression made on you by our fighters?"

"How could they impress anyone but as brave chaps; valiant lads, indeed, whose veins have bulged with the coursing blood of enthusiasm; sons of your soil who, shoulder to shoulder, have proved their readiness and willingness to fight and die for their country's honor, and the maintenance and defense of their unsullied flag? I have watched their bronzed faces and their snapping eyes as they disembarked from the transports, and I have followed their martial steps to their camps, through and up and down and across the mountainous streets on to the picturesque Presidio, which skirts the great San Francisco Bay. I have joined in the lusty cheers which greeted their return, and, indeed, I have been an ardent participant in several outbursts of well merited welcome."

"Your praise is well bestowed," said the newspaperman.

"And well deserved," declared the *Monocle*; "but, mind you, while I say all this in their favor, I intend to be candid and truthful, since you question me upon one of the most important subjects at present engaging the attention of your Nation, as well as the observation of the great military powers beyond the seas. First of all it were well and essential that your soldier realize that discipline goes far to make a perfect fighting man. Without discipline a fighting body of men would become a disorganized crowd; therefore, a danger on the battle field. My remarks, I hope, will be taken in good part, since they are earnest, friendly and fraternal."

"It is through the pointing out of faults and blemishes that better conditions are achieved in any walk of life; hence I invite your free and unqualified opinion as it affects our soldiery," said the newspaperman.

"As you entered I was reading an order issued by your gallant soldier, the Lieutenant-General, with the intention

of bettering the condition of the army. The General has not minced matters. The truth, you know, is not always sweet, yet, if it is to do any good, there is no use at all diluting and coloring it to serve the sensitive palate of those who must swallow it. It is pleasant to sugar-coat one's opinions; for then the compounder of the articles needn't be quite so distressed as must be the case when his drugs are given undisguised. Your gallant General, however, is, rightly, one of those apothecaries who are averse to sugar-coating and has, consequently, come out allopathically with his bitter aloes and, like it or not, your soldiers must swallow the potion if they care at all, and, of course, they do, for the healthful and vigorous appearance of the service."

"Appearances do not win battles," declared the newspaperman.

"They go a good way toward it," interposed the *Monocle*. "A slovenly soldier is a poor representative of his country and you know, as well as I, that a smart demeanor has much to do with the success attained in any walk of life. The sloven, of whatever profession or trade, rarely, if ever, makes a complete success. The well-groomed horse draws admiring eyes to it when the neglected beast fails to attract other than sorry recognition. It is just as essential for the soldier to see to it that his uniform is spick, span and spotless as for him to make sure that his arms are clean and fit to pass inspection. The soldier must not be satisfied to trim up for parade only. He owes it to his regiment, to his country, at all times and under all circumstances, to appear in public in the best possible light. The order to the army of which I have spoken is timely and reads as follows:

"Recent reports indicate the existence of marked unsoldierly deportment on the part of some of the troops, a condition apparently

cultivated recently under the mistaken idea that a certain *uncouthness* of exterior and *laxity* of manners are the essential characteristics of a soldier. As they are subversive of discipline and efficiency, offenses of this nature must neither be ignored nor condoned. Commanding officers are strictly accountable for the general appearance of their troops under all circumstances, whether they be in garrison, camp, on the march, off duty or on brief furlough. Soldiers are as much responsible for their conduct while off the military reservations or out of camp as when in garrison.'

"The General has spoken wisely and in good season," continued the *Monocle*, "and commanding officers respecting his admonition will raise their men to a dignified standard."

"My dear *Monocle*, you still persist in forgetting that this is a Democratic country," growled the newspaperman.

"Then, from your view point, or let me say from the view of too many of you good souls, one must be a downright slovenly creature in order to be Democratic; you must be insolent to your superiors (the office they occupy having placed them in a position superior to the one you yourself hold); you must indulge ridicule with the determination that it shall overshadow reverence and encourage contempt for all that is pure and honest, and spit out rude personalities in the hope of totally eclipsing and soiling the sensitive and clean. It is not so long ago that one of your statesmen gloried in the boast that he was upholding Democratic principles by wilfully defying precedence and polite custom in refusing to attend an important function in the orthodox evening suit. I heard

of one well-known gentleman boasting that in spite of his wife's 'high toned' pleading, as he described the lady's importunities, he still proved, notwithstanding the wealth he had suddenly acquired, his support of Democratic principles by sitting at his sumptuous dinner table in his shirt sleeves. Is that not first-class, fine-edged twaddle? But your poor misused word, Democratic, what a heap of inconsistencies, incongruities, vulgarities and shame-faced, red-hot, deliberate blackguardism you are called upon to father! Every vulgarian excuses himself under cover of the word Democratic; and those of your soldiers whose 'unsoldierly deportment' and 'uncouthness of exterior' and 'laxity of manners' have succeeded in bringing down upon them stinging official rebuke, of course, take refuge behind that obsolete fortification called Democratic! But, sir, the word will no longer stand as an excuse for conduct unbecoming a man in or out of the service. The recent reports to which the General alludes are obviously too correct. Rowdiness, assaults, insults, attacks on and the demolishing of property, and other offenses, together with Ancient Pistol braggadocio, have been too freely indulged and too readily condoned. I witnessed on one occasion the riotous smashing up of a saloon in the vicinity of the Presidio by exuberant soldiers who, because they had seen service in the Philippines, were under the impression that they owned the citizens and the streets of San Francisco. A guard more than once has been ordered out to quell disturbances and bring in the men. On many occasions rowdy soldiers would come in contact with the police, and drunkenness has been flaunted apparently without care for discipline, or jealousy for the dignity and authority of the uniform. The streets have been made howling Bedlams by men who have received their discharge; to the noise and the rowdiness, the drunkenness in public and the demoniacal yells and cat-calls, with a good sprinkling of

sulphuric expletives and revolting blasphemy by men wearing their country's uniform, is no doubt due that severe official note of reminder and reprimand. It is well that cognizance has been taken of such conduct, for it would be a million pities were the valor of such brave boys to be tarnished by conduct unbecoming soldiers and gentlemen. I make so bold while discussing this subject with you, sir, to remind your soldiers going from these shores to your newly acquired islands far away, that they can best prove the power and the greatness of your country by a dignified bearing, by obedience, discipline and the remembrance always, and under all circumstances, that they are representatives of a stalwart Nation which has entrusted to their care the sowing of the seed of a perfect civilization."

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY IN
THE CAUSE OF
CHARITY.

The Daily Inflated, always to the fore in matters which concern the people, has had its representatives in the great cities of the world inquire, as far as such an undertaking is possible, into the charities given by the wealthy. The sums are beyond count. So very great are the gifts, and so many of the poor are receiving alms that are never made public, that we once again remind our readers that this is not the very bad world that some would have us believe it to be.

The charity given away is enormous, and, still, there are the poor and there has been and there will ever be. But that is not the fault of the rich, for they do their best to lessen all misery while never is there one who would increase it!

In another column the distinguished visitor to our shores, the *Monocle*, speaks on the subject.

The discussion we think, is timely. The wholesale condemnation of a class because it happens to be more fortunate than another is mischievous, and especially when the class assailed does every thing in its power to assist the needy and the sick.

THE *MONOCLE* DECLARES
THAT THE RICH MAN
IS THE FRIEND OF
THE POOR AND
CONDEMNS THE
AGITATOR AND
DISTURBER.

"In view of what looks like an increased determination on the part of certain agitators to antagonize the poor against the rich, in consequence of the apparently malicious purpose of irresponsible and well paid disturbers to irritate the working man against his employer, I must venture a remark. It was not my intention to wade through this very troublous tide. I had made up my mind to pass over the unnecessarily unhappy conditions, though I will admit they have given me much concern. It is in view of certain happenings, it is through the many inflamed vital parts feverishly disturbing the industrial body, that I feel impelled to say a word for harmony and better feeling. It maybe asked 'Who am I that dare enter the arena to discuss the vital subject?' To such I would give answer: I have as much liberty to speak and preach the doctrine of peace and good-will among men as have they who urge dissension and attempt, often only too successfully, to make the artisan dissatisfied with his lot.

The employer of labor is no brute; he is no slave driver; he is amenable to argument when not aggressively forced; he pays wages just as promptly when business is thoroughly and down-right bad as when it is highly flourishing; his workmen when injured are not neglected, many employers having established their own hospitals for their own maimed employees, and others support cots in public hospitals; while there are not a few who, through inability to work, are receiving pensions from the very men who are assailed and held up as the enemies and oppressors of the laborer by the bellows-mouthed agitator. The hours of labor are usually consistent with health and domestic contentment. Wages are, almost in every case, just what the law of organized labor demands, and, in instances, more. On the very stroke of an agreed time all tools and implements are laid down and machinery stopped and the workingman hies him to his home, where he is welcomed by his children, who are receiving the same free education which has fitted many of the most prominent men for the high and distinguished National, Professional and Mercantile positions they hold at this very hour. No, my dear sir, there is not so very much to justify a grumble or discontent, but, on the other hand, there is everything to make you, me and all of us thankful to the Watchful Providence that has drawn humanity so closely together, that the sufferings and the tribulations of all are heard and heeded and abated as far as rests in human power; while, on the other hand, the joys and the triumphs of life are ushered in with one harmonious voice. Let it be remembered that a National calamity levels all classes. Be it remembered, also, that a disaster to an individual class draws out the profoundest sympathy, whether the suffering comes to the rich or the poor, and let me remind the agitator, and the disturbers of labor and the defamers of the rich, that the purse-strings of the wealthy are readily loosened

and the gold flows willingly in quick response to calamities which often befall the toiler. Of course, as I mentioned in an early interview, there is much that could yet be done to alleviate suffering and, especially, in that one great direction, the better housing of the poor. But let us not forget the millions willingly given to lessen the suffering of humanity; let us take tender heed of the charitable work that is being done every moment of our lives by the Churches (yes, dear skeptic, by the Churches); by the good and noble wives of those very Capitalists whose benevolent names are insulted by the demagogic frothings of the street-corner Demosthenes! Let us remember the Capitalists themselves, whose time and money go hand in hand to direct and support hospitals and other institutions without which the laborer and the poor would fare badly indeed. Millions, I say, are given toward the amelioration of man's sufferings. The orphan, the widow, the cripple, all find that a kindly hand, that of the rich, is stretched out to lend and give help. Let the agitator turn his mind and his hours to better account, in the charitable direction of preaching of the goodness and the kindness in the world. By so doing he will be a good man, for he will take sunshine where now he draws a crape mantle of dangerous darkness."

**ALARMING GROWTH OF
OUR ALIEN POPULA-
TION.**

**FACTS AND FIGURES
SPEAK VOLUMES.**

**INCREASE BIG AND ILLIT-
ERATE! SHALL IT
CONTINUE?**

Without comment we give the following extract from the annual report of the Commissioner of Immigration, received at the Treasury Department, Washington:

"The number of aliens who arrived during the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1901, was 453,496; the steerage aliens numbered 388,931.

The conclusion is unavoidable, unfortunately, that our immigration is constantly increasing in illiteracy. Not only are we drawing more and more from the countries where illiteracy is high but also the immigrants themselves are showing higher percentage of illiteracy. Nearly one half of our steerage immigrants now present an **ILLITERACY** of from **FORTY TO FIFTY** per cent."

We would remind our readers that this rush of 388,931 alien immigrants means a great strain upon the already crowded labor market. The question is: Are we to tolerate this sort of thing? Shall the labor market be so over-stocked as to ultimately be the means of over-taxing the citizens—those legitimately of the soil?

**THE MONOCLE READS THE
REPORT OF THE COM-
MISSIONER OF IM-
MIGRATION
GIVES A STRONG INTER-
VIEW AND ONE WORTH
READING! POWER-
FUL ARGU-
MENT.**

A representative of *The Inflated* interviewed the *Monocle* with regard to the immigration which has reached such proportions that we deemed it a fit opportunity to obtain a disinterested view.

"YES," said the *Monocle*, "the statistics show that the influx of immigrants for the fiscal year ending in June last, was enormous and it is surely a question whether the inlet to these shores ought to be allowed to continue. The nation getting rid of its surplus stock of its soiled human remnants is fortunate; fortunate, indeed, in having a dumping ground upon which to place its burdensome freight of undesirable and, in many instances, unholy, low-browed, mischief-hatching and unwashed, poor images of man. Your official report, allow me to say once more and with emphasis, **YOUR OFFICIAL REPORT** declares that even from **FORTY TO FIFTY** per cent of this motley gathering is **ILLITERATE**, and, bear in mind that by **ILLITERATE**, in this case, the **GOVERN-**

MENT means that between FORTY AND FIFTY per cent of your new protégés are unable to read and write. The number of foreigners who came steerage to swell the population of these hospitable shores, remember, is not very far short of the HALF MILLION mark and, my friend, in one year at that! And also remember that of that number you receive between FORTY AND FIFTY per cent of ILLITERATES!"

"In this very city, the Metropolis of the United States, through whose portly and wide doors have come these ILLITERATES, there is a continual cry for school accommodation for the children of your own, schools which must receive, when increased accommodation is ready, the offspring of the between FORTY AND FIFTY per cent of the ILLITERATE of recent arrival.

"I will not say that there are not some respectable and good persons among the crowd. Of course there are, and some very estimable persons, too. But we all know that the majority are not the most desirable folk in the world. If you are particular to increase the population of the States, then why not offer inducement to a thrifty class to come and settle and multiply and till the soil and make your mills the model mills of Nations?

"Why not let the yeomen of the sturdy Nations know that awaiting them are acres and acres of good and desirable lands, not a million miles, either, from civilization! There are hundreds and thousands of the better class who would come here did they know that there are farms in plenty going to waste in beautiful New England, in Connecticut, New Jersey and many other States of the Union. On the other hand, it is positively alarming when one considers the classes from which the greater number of the teeming immigrants have sprung! For my part I consider it an injustice to the people of the soil, the people who are bred and born and nurtured here. Admittedly it

is a great, vast country and there is room aplenty to accommodate the crowd! That is all very well, but you want to put upon the vast lands the proper set; those who will some day be a credit and a substantial help to the country. Almost a half-million in a year of a piccalilli-mixture of foreigners! Think, and think well on't—a piccalilli assortment of benighted, illiterate souls! What are you going to do about it? you ask me. That is for your statesmen to decide; but the day is not far distant when the question will have to be taken up for the good of the country and the peace and tranquil mind of the people."

PROSPERITY THROUGHOUT
THE COUNTRY IN ALL
INDUSTRIES.

The statistics from every Industrial Department of the United States reveal the eminently satisfactory condition of the country. Prosperity is everywhere, and there never was a time when there was so great a demand for labor, or when labor could be so satisfied with the conditions.

The Savings Banks are proof of the thrift and the good sense of the wage-earner.

The Building Trade in each of its many branches is thriving from the Eastern to the Western coast. Merchandise finds a ready market. The farmer has had bountiful crops, the foreign markets, eager for our goods, buy generously from us, our Government is strong in the estimation of the world.

What more can a nation ask? What greater blessing can be bestowed? There is no room then in this community of contented people for sniveling malcontents and bilious pessimists.

Let each emulate the jubilation of the wise and the thrifty and the God-fearing, industrious majority, and all shall be happy.

We, as a Nation, are building all the time, our foundation is impregnable and our object is Progression with Peace and Happiness.

They are good builders who lay and cement every stone and they are bad men who would destroy the good work.

THE *MONOCLE'S* PARTING
WORDS BEFORE LEAV-
ING FOR HAPPY
OLD ENGLAND.
MAKES SOME VALUABLE
PROMISES. ITS TRUE
MISSION TO THE
U. S. A. EXPLAINED.
IMPORTANT STATEMENT
ISSUED BY THE EDI-
TORS OF *THE IN-
FLATED*.

Trunks galore were being piled upon a wagon when *The Daily Inflated's* representative encountered the *Monocle* hopping nimbly into a hansom.

"God save the King!" cried the *Monocle* jubilantly, as the doors of the hansom were slammed together; "and in the same breath I say, God preserve your President and bless your people and keep you in continued prosperity and increased happiness!"

"Why, what is this?" asked *The Inflated's* representative as he observed the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes entwined around the rim of the *Monocle*.

"I have received a cable and must return to London," replied the *Monocle*, "but before leaving I will admit my mission here has been to study your currents ere the next yacht race in 1905. I have studied and have been enabled, therefore, to give Sir Thomas the results of my investigation of your

waters. I know your currents and I know your winds. I have also noted your jockeys and have kodaked their methods for British horse owners. I have successfully bored deep into the workings of your great commercial combinations, and I take back with me colored vitascopic views of the brotherly love arguments between your Capitalists and your Laborers. I carry in my convex form statistics of the immigration to your shores as proof of the too open asylum you have allowed yourself to become, and I intend lecturing throughout the British Isles upon Freedom and Equality as I have seen them and enjoyed them abroad; at the same time illustrating, with the promptings of a Tammany Hall phonograph, your National, State and Municipal Governments and Mr. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty."

IMPORTANT STATEMENT BY THE EDITORS OF
THE INFLATED.

THE DAILY INFLATED,

Balloon Building,
Gasometer Row,

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 17, 1901.

In compliance with the requests of the Chief of the Political Wigwam of the city, we, the undersigned, on oath deny any sympathy with the majority of the views and opinions expounded by the *Monocle* in the interviews given our representatives.

We are too United States American in mind and feeling to coincide with any foreigner, no matter how distinguished. Our motto is: "America for Americans; WE can do no wrong; Hurrah for Old Glory!" Furthermore, we are convinced that the *Monocle*, in giving the answers to our

reporters, as published in our columns, shows conclusively that a bias and prejudice influenced its conclusions.

We assure our political confreres that it would be impossible for us to agree with such views and again pledge our readers and supporters that since publishing the interviews our loyalty to the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave has increased to a proportion that is as wide and extended as the Continent itself, and as warm as the furnace-zephyrs that waft o'er our newly acquired islands and kiss the waters of the Pacific.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR INKEY,
EBENEZER SPIKEM,
U. C. STUNTS,

Editors.

THE END.

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